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NEW STATESMAN

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HOW THEY STRIPPED THE TEXTILE INDUSTRY

and how it could have been saved

Exclusive preview of World War III

The guilty men of British boxing

America's sun belt seizes power

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NEW STATESMAN

Vol 100 3 October 1980 No 2585

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The Labour Left's European blindness

WHEN CELEBRATING or anticipating its conference victories on the European question, the Labour Left generally fails to notice that, just as it acquires some odd-looking friends — Enoch, the Front, the dud manufacturers' lobby — it also acquires a surprising set of opponents: not just the Gang of Three and the Liberals, but also most of the Marxist, extra-Parliamentary left. The newspaper columnists' reflex, of course, is to dismiss these fellows as irrelevant. But has their political forecasting record over the past few years really been inferior to that of the Labour Left?

The reason, of course, that Marxists are not much attracted by anti-EEC crusades is that to anyone who starts from a class analysis of politics, the Whitehall state — the beast the crusaders are anxious to preserve — is no more attractive than the Brussels state; less so, indeed, precisely because the erosion of sovereignty inside the EEC makes for a degree of polycentrism. The fact that this overlaps with the liberal desire for pluralism is not an inhibition on the development of either case. The Parliamentary Left is thus ideologically isolated to a dangerous degree: of course, it is not disposed to think this important, but the *New Statesman,* anyway, has argued consistently that the party's electoral decline is in good part the product of its ideological incapacity. (True, there are some proclaimed Marxists in the anti-EEC crusade. But the chief reservoirs are the *Militant* tendency and the Communist Party, which are scarcely places to look for ideological refreshment.)

WHAT ABOUT the poll figures? Doesn't the unpopularity of the Common Market make the issue a natural election-winner for Labour? No, it doesn't.

The cost of Britain's EEC membership is indeed outrageous, and it is equally true that the Common Agricultural Policy is an absurdity, which will wreck the Community if it isn't modified. But the pro-European case is that the EEC's faults can be modified by determined negotiation: and how can you prove that isn't so unless you can show you're willing to try?

Few things, perhaps, could be more ill-judged than the idea that a great political campaign can be built around the idea of restoring 'power to Parliament', especially given Parliament's recent displays of governing ability, in which the whole of the Labour Left is comprehensively implicated. The task, rather, is to restore some marginal credit to Parliamentary institutions, before canvassing any restoration or addition to its powers.

The core delusion is stated in Barbara Castle's diaries. Reflecting, during the referendum campaign, upon her inability to accept the cooked statistics on which too much of the No campaign was based, she asked herself the real reason why she was opposed to British membership. Her answer was a conviction that the impetus of British social democracy would be fatally slowed-down by the European connection.

It is not difficult to find causes which have slowed down British socialism (or social democracy). There is the Treasury, and its manifold power in the bureaucracy as a whole. There is the unique dominance (and irresponsibility) of the financial sector within the British economy. There is the incoherence of the trade union movement, and the hopeless contradictions of the 'special relationship' with America. Of this by-no-means exhaustive list, only the last is not a wholly native product, and nothing on the list can be convincingly blamed upon the bureaucrats of Brussels. If one makes a genuine list of impediments to socialism in Britain, the EEC — even on the most hostile case that could be made — just wouldn't be decisive.

And this, finally, is the lethal danger of the EEC obsession: that it institutionalises Labour's genius for the irrelevant (at best) and turns it into the party of Whitehall statism (at worst). Neither position is tenable for a socialist party which has to convince an electorate. Labour committed to unconditional withdrawal will be made, without difficulty, into an ideological bankrupt.

NOTES

Figures fudged over wave energy research

David Ross writes: The Government has responded smartly to criticism of its parsimonious programme of expenditure on renewable energy. Stung by the disclosure in the *New Statesman* (5 September) of its cutback in research into wave energy — which created a flurry of activity inside the Department of Energy — it hastily arranged an official 'opening' for a new research tank which has, in fact, been fully operational for three months. All of the wave energy family, plus the press, were invited to Sir Christopher Cockerell's headquarters at Southampton last week to see Mr John Moore, the Energy Under-Secretary, perform the official function.

He did not deny that all official funding is now to cease for two of the most advanced inventions: Cockerell's Raft and Salter's Duck. Money is to be concentrated instead on two later devices, the Air-bag and the Cylinder, thus delaying by at least two years the day when Britain will be able to launch a full-scale prototype, providing energy and jobs. Instead, we were shown 1/100th-scale models in 1/100th-scale waves, enacting the bathtub syndrome.

One of the justifications for the wave power programme has always been that an upheaval in the Middle East might interrupt oil supplies. At Southampton, no-one was unkind enough to mention that two of the main oil producers were at war and that wave energy would provide a means of slowing down the rate at which we use up North Sea oil and provide an export market to countries which may soon be desperate for energy.

Instead, Mr Moore sought to defend the rate of expenditure. He claimed that £3 million has been spent in the financial year 1979/80 and that a further £3.5-£4 million would be spent this year, making a total since 1976 of £9.3 million. So expenditure was going up. What he overlooked was an official statement from his own Department (Reference document 229, dated 14 November 1979) which said: 'Expenditure on wave research up to the end of 1978 was £6 million'. So on the basis of Mr Moore's own official figures, expenditure should now total between £12.5 and £13 million, while he makes the total only £9.3 million. Someone, somewhere has 'lost' between £3 and £4 million.

What had actually happened is some financial sleight-of-hand. Last year, for instance, £4.2 million was available but only £3.5 million was spent. The remaining £700,000 was carried over into the current year, thus bolstering the apparent allocation. Some

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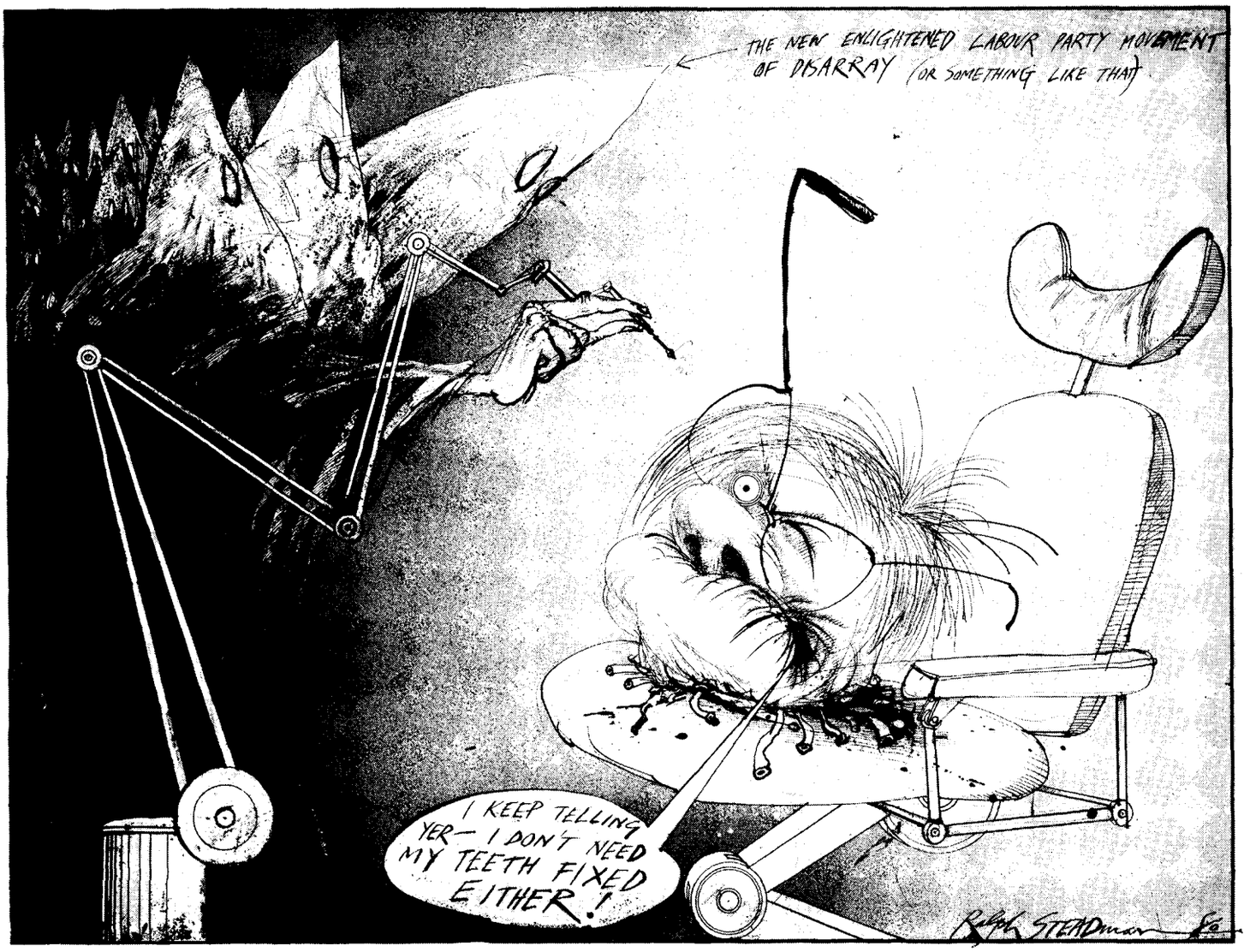
THE NEW ENLIGHTENED LABOUR PARTY MOVEMENT OF DISARRAY (OR SOMETHING LIKE THAT)
I KEEP TELLING YER— I DON'T NEED MY TEETH FIXED EITHER!
RALPH STEADMAN '80

of the money went on one-off items (like the Cockerell tank, which cost £500,000). In that set-up, it is not difficult to fudge the numbers.

The British wave energy programme — one area of industrial advance in which we are indisputably ahead of every other country, and which could provide a booming export trade and thousands of jobs in shipbuilding, steel, construction and electricity equipment manufacturing — is to be confined to small-scale research funded with about three per cent of the amount going to nuclear development. The one encouraging aspect of the event was the renewed evidence that the Government is, like the CEGB, extremely sensitive to criticism of its commitment to alternative energy sources and anxious to head off anything that might encourage the anti-nuclear movement and make nuclear power 'socially unacceptable', as officials gloomily put it.

Israeli soldiers fight for the right to refuse

David Mandel writes from Jerusalem: A group of Israeli soldiers waging a public campaign for the right to refuse service in the occupied territories lost a legal battle in the High Court of Justice last week, but the verdict put the Army on the spot to end its inconsistency on the subject.

Skirmishes have been fought between the Army and what has come to be known as the Group of 27 since July 1979, when the high school pupils published the text of a letter they had sent to then Defence Minister Ezer Weizman, stating their willingness to defend Israel but refusal, for reasons of political conscience, to fight for its conquests.

Since the 1967 war, there have been perhaps 100 soldiers who have received permission to serve only in Israel proper. A few were jailed, but with most, the army was clever enough to reach a quiet understanding. The difference between them and the 27 — now 34 plus another 21 reservists who endorsed their statement — is publicity. Dorit Shykersky, a very mature 16, explains that while she and her fellow objectors are first of all demanding their rights as individuals to obey their conscience, 'we feel that the time is also ripe to go public. There is more of an openness now to peace, to the idea of returning territories.'

To demand the right to refuse is of course to make a political statement, which must be explained. Dorit refers to the group's original, carefully phrased letter: 'by our service in the occupied territories we would assist the state of Israel's expansionist policies, which are leading to another war, and we would contribute to the continued oppression of the Palestinian people in the West Bank and Gaza strip . . . we are opposed to the beating of civilians, destruction of homes and the arrest of political activists . . . in our opinion, Israel has to withdraw from the occupied territories and recognize the right of the Palestinians to establish a state of their own.'

In addition to the several dozen who joined and the hundreds who publicly expressed support, reactins have been better than the 27 first anticipated. 'Our classmates now all know of our stands, most respect it and many say they support it, although few have the personal strength and family backing to actually join.' A public symposium called by the group last April attracted over 300 people. Media coverage has been respectful of the group's sincerity but suspicious of their stated intention to try and persuade others.

Chief of Staff Rafael Eitan also referred to the objectors' 'idealistic motives' in a radio interview in August. But he dismissed the phenomenon as 'a few individuals,' and army policy has aimed to see that it remains only that. Each of the four men drafted so far has been ordered to the territories for training, refused, and jailed. After three 35-day terms, one reached a compromise last spring under which he would be allowed to stay in Israel after a short basic training in the territories. Another followed his lead soon afterwards. A third, Gai Pilavsky, was jailed last week for the third time, and Gadi Elgazi, whose request was turned down by the High Court, plans to continue to refuse.

Elgazi's case was based on a claim of discrimination — others have and are still being allowed to serve only in Israel. In response, the Army declared a 'new policy': no more. The judges essentially accepted the Army's explanation — ruling that it has the prerogative to set policy on such matters — but Acting Supreme Court President Haim Cohn scolded the military for past inconsistency, and warned it not to apply selective criteria in future cases. If it did, the halls of justice would be 'wide open' to victims of further discrimination.

This could put the Army in a bind, which it had tried to avoid by claiming the right, in its legal response to the Gazi case, to decide on each request individually, 'and not only according to familial, social or economic criteria.' In other words, the Army will now have to either refuse all requests for exemption from service in the territories, which could provoke a confrontation it would prefer to avoid, or allow them all, thereby risking a sharp increase in their number.

Shykersky scoffs at the 'what if everyone did it' question: 'Long before then, there would be a political change, the territories would have been returned and there would probably be peace. And that is our real aim.'

Weighells within Weighells

James Oak writes: The ousting of NUR general secretary Sid Weighell from the post of chairman of the TUC's Transport Industries Committee has been presented in the public prints as part of a witch hunt against right-wingers, following Frank Chapple's removal from the TUC's General Purposes Commit-

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tee. In fact it was nothing of the sort. It was simply part of the continuing friction that exists between the NUR and the TGWU.

The Transport Industries Committee was originally set up six years ago. Its membership includes a wide range of transport unions, from the NUR and ASLEF to the United Road Transport Union and the TGWU, as well as the National Union of Seamen and the Merchant Navy and Allied Officers' Union. Each union has its representatives on the 30-strong Committee and there are also five General Council members. The chairman has to be a General Council member.

The chairman's post is an important prize. The holder is privy to a lot of confidential information, which can of course be extremely useful to the union holding the job. The first chairman was the then TGWU general secretary Jack Jones. When Jones retired, assiduous lobbying by the NUR secured the chairmanship for Sid Weighell. Although the TGWU is the largest union in the Committee coups are quite easy to organise, partly because not all the committee turns up to meetings and because substitution of representatives is allowed, and the substitutes can be unaware of committee politics. Last week Sid Weighell was himself a victim of a TGWU coup. Larry Smith, the TGWU's General Council member on the Committee, stood against Weighell and won on a straight vote by 12 to 7.

Larry Smith, like Sid Weighell, is a 'moderate'. The change represents policy differences between the pro-rail NUR and the pro-road TGWU. Three years ago, for instance, at the Labour Party Conference, the NUR successfully proposed a motion calling for a shift of freight traffic from road to rail. This was opposed by the then Transport Minister Bill Rodgers and the TGWU. Since then there has been a series of skirmishes over freight traffic with TGWU members picketing rail freight depots. The support of ASLEF for Larry Smith's candidature can be explained partly by the overtures that have been made for a merger between the TGWU and ASLEF — ASLEF is expected to be more open to approaches now that the union has had its centenary — and partly by the personal antipathy that exists between Ray Buckton and Sid Weighell.

Devon throws out free-for-all transport plan

Mick Hamer writes: Transport Minister Norman Fowler got a nasty shock last week when Devon rejected plans for a public transport 'trial area' (NS 26 September). Fowler had already encountered difficulty in persuading counties to come forward with plans for free-for-all public transport in trial areas. Devon's plans were the most advanced. And Fowler felt certain enough of Devon's enthusiasm to stake his political pride by visiting Devon just before the decision was due — and offering them such goodies as free minibuses and £500,000.

Now Fowler has been thwarted. For after an hour-long wrangle — described in the local press as 'tense' — Devon's planning and transportation committee threw out the proposal by 13 votes to six, against the advice of the county's officers. This decision could be reversed by a full council meeting later this month.

Anthony Barnett

Britain votes for Pol Pot

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT is going to vote for Pol Pot at the United Nations. That is the meaning of Lord Carrington's obscurely-phrased address to the General Assembly here on 23 September: 'The stand taken by the countries of the Association of Southeast Asian Nations (ASEAN) has my government's full support.' That stand is to endorse the Pol Pot regime as the legitimate representative of the Khmer people, and to re-arm and re-supply its forces in Thailand, an ASEAN country.

The foreign minister of Singapore, the most active ASEAN spokesman on this issue, told the General Assembly that Pol Pot's nationalist cause was 'just' and should be backed with all the 'moral force' of a UN vote. According to the representative of a major Third World country that will abstain as it did last year, 'the Americans and the Chinese have lined up their constituencies', and the ASEAN lobby has firmed up those who seemed to falter — including Lord Carrington.

The British will embrace Pol Pot 'with a heavy heart', a spokesman conceded when he confirmed the policy. The equivalent American phrase is 'we will hold our nose'. Both would prefer the matter to go through without the embarrassment of a vote. But at least the US Secretary of State Muskie told his public outright what his administration had decided. The British are lying doggo. At his press conference Lord Carrington slipped from Afghanistan to Namibia in his list of problems to be solved, without a mention of Kampuchea, so as not to provoke a question. None came. As credentials are usually uncontroversial and unchallenged, the British hope that the specific responsibility of a recorded assent to Pol Pot can be evaded.

The meeting of the credentials committee on 22 September, here at the UN, held out some hope for this manoeuvre. Behind its relatively brief and casual proceedings lay an extraordinary amount of scheming and argument: many hours of preparation for an event of less than sixty minutes. The journal of the UN's daily events did not say the meeting would be a closed one, and a television camera and lights had been set up in the small conference room. As the delegates gathered outside, however, the wires were pulled and the camera wheeled away. The as yet unconvinced committee had 'decided' to proceed in private (nobody asked me to leave).

THERE WAS AN ATMOSPHERE of quiet bonhomie as delegates wandered in and greeted each other — although this did not extend to relations between the Chinese and Soviets. Rather absurdly, both the US delegates sported red ties, a dash of colour upstaged only by the glittering suit worn by the man from Singapore. A younger and earnest member of the Chinese delegation spoke rapidly and purposefully to the Americans, then left and returned behind the two older and senior Chinese spokesmen who did not share his fluent English. There are nine members of the committee. In a small semi-circle sat Kenya, Singapore, Spain, the USSR, the United States, Costa Rica (which was given the chair), Angola, China and Haiti.

Ieng Sary wandered in, podgy, impassive and (here) respectable: Pol Pot's vice prime minister, foreign minister and brother-in-law. The Chinese spokesman opened the proceedings. He moved that Pol Pot's government was the sole legal government of Kampuchea, one which led its people and army in its resistance to aggression. The Soviets responded by supporting Heng Samrin's revolutionary council and denouncing Pol Pot for committing 'the worst possible crimes' against the Cambodian people. Angola spoke next: the people in Cambodia had themselves already rejected the credentials of the Pol Pot gang, its representative pointed out — an argument which is evidently irrefutable. Nonetheless, the US delegate who followed said his government found Pol Pot's credentials to be 'in order'. Then Ambassador Koh of Singapore took the floor and enjoyed himself with a cynical performance (of which more later). Finally, Haiti spoke up, echoing the formulation of the United States: despite 'practices counter to the recognition of human rights' the delegation from the previously accredited regime was acceptable. The alliance between voodoo dictatorship and born-again democracy clinched the proceedings. In a prepared move the chairman composited the Chinese motion, which specifically endorsed Pol Pot, into a resolution that recognised the entire list of credentials of the countries put forward by Waldheim's office. This passed without objection. The matter now goes before the General Assembly. The Vietnamese say that they are willing to allow for delays, and thereby leave the matter open, for they fear a vote will make things more inflexible. For the same reason, Ieng Sary is pushing for a decision, and that, the Vietnamese insist, will not take place without a full debate and a named vote on the specific issue of Cambodia.

IT IS GENERALLY felt that their most formidable adversary will be Singapore's fluent ambassador. In the credentials committee he too ignored the Angolan argument and said that there could be 'no justifiable political reason' for rejecting Pol Pot's credentials. Singapore had always condemned his human rights record, he said, unlike the Soviets and the Vietnamese, who only discovered these excesses after they invaded: 'much to their surprise, I am sure'. The Chinese delegates especially appreciated that joke, and laughed knowingly to each other as Ambassador Koh accused the Russians of shedding 'crocodile tears'. As we all left the room a UN official could be heard congratulating Koh on his 'good speech'.

There is no purpose served in arguing the case with such spokesmen or taking seriously their selective application of 'principle'. Why does the West endorse Pol Pot? Why does it condemn an invasion which most Cambodians accepted with relief? Not because of any attachment to natural sovereignty, surely, but because of disappointment that the Vietnamese, not the West itself or its allies, did the deed. Nobody doubts that if Thailand had ousted Pol Pot its forces would be in Cambodia today and its client regime would be seated now in the United Nations.

A vote for Pol Pot is justified as one against Heng Samrin, who people feel sure would eventually fill a vacant seat if the assembly decided now to oust the 'odious' incumbents. In fact, if the vote is not in favour of Pol Pot and is also against Heng Samrin, then the West is really arguing for Son Sann, the right-wing Cambodian leader presently building up forces in Thailand. This is the man who headed Sihanouk's national bank, and who the US now considers should have replaced him in 1970, instead of Lon Nol. Thus the vote for Pol Pot symbolises an attempt to re-write the United States' war in south-east Asia, with continuing disregard for the life and hopes of the people of Cambodia.

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World War III: an exclusive preview

The military 'Square Leg' exercise, which has just finished, tested out the anticipated course of a major nuclear attack on Britain. The military planners' map of likely Russian targets, shown here — the first time that such information has ever been published — shows that the advice given to the public by the Ministry of Defence and the Home Office has been intentionally dishonest and misleading. Art treasures take precedence over city dwellers — who the government does not intend to survive. DUNCAN CAMPBELL previews the holocaust.

'IF BRITAIN is ever attacked by nuclear bombs or missiles', says the introduction to the Home Office's absurd pamphlet *Protect and Survive,* 'we do not know what targets will be chosen or how severe the assault will be'. Indeed we do not know the moment-to-moment feelings of Soviet Strategic Rocket commanders, but that does not mean that British defence planners do not have a very good idea indeed of which parts of the country face the greatest threats of obliteration — and which will survive.

The Home Office and the Ministry of Defence have never, however, willingly shared that information with the public, who are taking the risks, and casualties, in such planning. Indeed, they have used such public ignorance as the lever for a policy of non-evacuation which, it is now apparent, is an attempt at the wholesale and cynical writing-off of most of the urban civil population. The Central Office of Information film, for example, which would accompany the issuing of *Protect and Survive* before an anticipated attack claims:

> No place in the United Kingdom is safer than anywhere else . . . you will be far better off at home.

This may be true for residents of the Scilly Isles, but it is scarcely worthwhile advice for those living in important industrial centres or near major strategic targets. The publication of the government's own plans shows the protect and survive policy to be an explicit deceit.

The Ministry of Defence has been no more honest. It has most recently been engaged in an expensive propaganda campaign aimed at the residents of the Greenham Common (Newbury) and Molesworth (Northampton) areas, the purpose of which has been to convince them of the value of the new US Cruise Missiles. A major part of this propaganda campaign has been the distribution of £8,500 worth of glossy colour brochures on Cruise Missiles. The brochures claim that

> The precise locations of the peacetime Cruise Missile bases are not . . . likely to be a priority target

because the missiles are mobile and will disperse before attack.

As residents of these areas may now see for themselves, the Ministry of Defence actually expects these US bases to be obliterated very quickly indeed.

To be precise, Greenham Common was obliterated by a 3 Megaton airburst at 15,000 feet at 12.04 on Thursday 19 September. At more or less the same time, a 2 Megaton bomb groundburst to the west over Newbury itself. Nothing would remain in the town itself, and blast damage would extend across a band 30 miles wide. Both of these weapons arrived very quickly indeed during the hypothetical Soviet 'first strike' — precisely 9 minutes after Attack Warning Red at 11.55 am, the first actual warning of an attack in progress. Greenham Common was only the second target to be 'struck' according to the nuclear burst charts for Square Leg which the *New Statesman* has obtained. (The first was Boscombe Down airfield, north of Salisbury; in peacetime an experimental aircraft base, in war another reserve US base.)

The picture of the UK under attack which was produced during Square Leg is highly plausible, but Home Office minister Leon Brittan, who is responsible for Home Defence, refused to release details of the bomb plot during a visit to a London sector bunker at Wanstead last week. He claimed that people might be misled into thinking that the plans represented the 'actual intelligence estimate of what the Soviet Union intends, should nuclear war happen'.

The charts we have obtained give virtually the complete picture of the attacks on the UK assumed during Square Leg. They may not be the latest, most exact 'intelligence estimates', but they are certainly highly intelligent estimates of likely target areas. The pattern of attack, categorised by strategic studies experts as 'mixed urban-industrial and military', accords exactly with well-understood Soviet targetting intentions. The types and patterns of warheads used do not precisely match the

The 'Bomb plot' of nuclear attack used in Square Leg. Open circles indicate airbursts which in general cause little fallout; black circles show groundbursts which are responsible for most of the fallout. The map has been copied from a variety of official sources including maps on display at the Basingstoke and Wanstead bunkers which were open to the press last week. Almost all of the bombs 'used' were in the range of ½ to 3 Megaton — or from 25 to 150 times the power of the weapon which devastated Hiroshima. Broadly speaking, these are the sorts of warheads currently fitted to Soviet missiles targetted on Western Europe.

The attack came in two phases: a first strike very quickly after the attack warning, between noon and 12.10; a second strike drifted in from 1pm to 3pm. The shaded area on the diagram represents the limits of fallout after 3 hours, although the intensity of radiation in this zone would range from the mild to the quickly lethal. Around each bomb site would be a zone of blast damage and a 'main fire zone' which would in urban areas often turn into a firestorm. For a 2MT groundburst on a clear day (which this was), heavy blast damage would extend to 3 miles, with a main fire zone of 6 ½ miles radius.

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exact current Soviet missile force, but features such as the multiple bombs on important targets are wholly authentic. (Since missiles are at best around 70 per cent reliable, and generally now have multiple warheads, an important target such as a nuclear bomber base will receive two or even three attacks from warheads on separate missiles.)

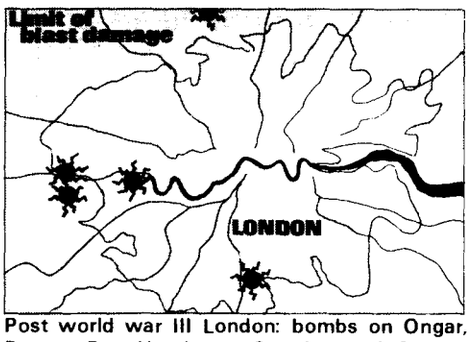
Another authentic feature of the map is the attacks on little known targets of actual strategic importance. Thus, for example, there are bombs on the US Air Force electronic listening station at Chicksands just south of Bedford, and RAF Digby in Lincolnshire, which does similar work. (These stations would both be attempting to monitor the communications of Soviet aircraft.) At Rugby, and at Criggion in Shropshire, bombs landed on the very low frequency radio stations which are the main means of communications with submerged submarines, particularly the Polaris force. And a bomb in a remote corner of Wales in fact hit the most important US undersea monitoring centre in Europe. It is less obvious why other parts of Wales took a pounding; Aberporth near Cardigan is a dispersal base, but Machynlleth sports no likely target, unless the Ministry of Defence knows more than it is letting on.

THE MINISTER'S CLAIM that these are mere guesstimates for the sake of exercise may thus be disregarded. The latest Defence Intelligence estimates will be little different, and any 'real' attack would, most likely, simply be a different permutation of or selection from the available targets. Huddersfield instead of Doncaster, perhaps, or the NATO HQ in Northwood, Middlesex instead of High Wycombe. As one examines the plot in more detail, it is increasingly clear that this is a very 'real' attack plan, and one which shows the doctrines of *Protect and Survive* to be corrupt.

The targets, broadly, fall into two categories: first, the urban-industrial centres, and secondly strategic targets such as airfields, ports, depots, communications, and command and control centres. In the former category, there are early attacks on Port Talbot, Nottingham, Derby, Salford (west of Manchester), Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Leicester. In the second strike about three hours later, targets included Birmingham and Coventry, Cardiff, Swansea, Leeds, Bradford, Sheffield and Liverpool.

Surprisingly, perhaps, London was not a target *per se*, although much of the capital was more or less destroyed by bombs landing around the outskirts, particularly the three on or near Heathrow airport. The London bombs give a good indication of what the military whimsically call 'collateral' damage done to civil centres of population by bombs aimed at other targets. The map of London shows the extent of blast damage to buildings anticipated on official Square Leg plans. Each of the bombs on Croydon, Heathrow/Brentford, Potters Bar and Ongar caused wide arcs of damage which left only parts of East London — and, of all places, the City — intact.

Among strategic targets, US bases took clear prominence. These include the well known airfields at Alconbury, Lakenheath (with Mildenhall close by), and Upper Heyford, and the current reserve bases, soon to be Cruise Missile centres, at Greenham Common and Molesworth. Fairford is a US tanker base. Boscombe Down, Cranwell and Aberporth are all believed to be earmarked for



Post world war III London: bombs on Ongar, Potters Bar, Heathrow, Croydon and Canvey Island damaged most of the capital through blast and fire (shaded area). Heavy radiation covered central London from the Croydon bomb while more arrived later from Eastbourne and Dungeness. In a similar attack on Birmingham during Square Leg, casualties by the fourteenth day were estimated to be 40%, *excluding* those who would die later from radiation sickness or disease.

wartime use by the US Air Force, under 'joint basing' agreements. The bombs on Haverhill, Essex may have been intended for another US reserve base, Wethersfield.

British and American nuclear bombers would also have dispersed from other bases on the bomb plot, namely Scampton, Waddington, Marham, Cottesmore, Wittering, Honington and Coltishall. Two US arms depots in the UK — at Burtonwood and Ditton Priors — also feature on the plot.

Many of the facilities shown would be attacked because of their significance for troop movements, particularly the movement of US troops to and through Britain. The US has special facilities at Liverpool and Southampton for the arrival of troops and supplies; many of these would leave from Dover and Hull (also Harwich, here left unscathed). Attacks on Heathrow, Gatwick and Luton airports would primarily be aimed at forestalling their use for troops in transit.

The MoD planners' selection of strategic targets include both obvious and recondite choices. High Wycombe, pounded by three massive groundbursts, is the headquarters of RAF Strike Command, whose deep command bunker would be the target of such overkill. Fylingdales and Boulmer are both radar early warning stations. Besides the VLF stations at Criggion and Rugby (both run by the Post Office) Ongar, another PO station, also provides overseas radio links. Catterick and Aldershot are major army centres. As well as the listening stations at Chicksands and Digby, the British listening headquarters, GCHQ at Cheltenham, also comes in for an early attack.

A FEW CENTRES which have no obvious industrial or strategic importance, such as Penzance, Oxford or Machynlleth may be wrongly plotted or wrongly aimed; or perhaps they are simply the butts of some malicious humour by the Directing Staff of Square Leg, who drew up the plans. The bomb on Eastbourne may have had a different intent, however. As a groundburst, the fireball would suck up large quantities of earth which would be later deposited as fallout. Given the prevailing southerly wind at the time of the attack, the fallout plumes (see shading on map) would quickly spread to cover London and other parts of the south east. The radioactive ash of the Eastbourne dead would thus be used as a weapon against those alive to the north.

Although the idea of deliberately enhancing fallout in this way may be fanciful as far as Eastbourne is concerned, it is clearly the reason for the attack on Dungeness, site of two nuclear reactors. The effects of attacks on civil nuclear power reactors are so serious that some groups have even proposed that the nuclear holocaust should have its own version of the Geneva Convention rules under which nuclear power reactors would be exempt from direct attack. The reactor core — which would be widely distributed as fallout — contains many unusual long lived radio-isotopes, particularly those of caesium.

The consequences of the attack on the reprocessing centre and 'nuclear dustbin' waste storage facilities at Windscale would be even more horrific, leaving the centre's inventory of waste strewn, in this case, as an unpleasant radioactive cocktail across central Scotland. (The Square Leg exercise had an unusual southerly wind which would more often be southwesterly — tilting the fallout pattern shown on the map more to the east.)

For the second exercise running, the planners 'dropped' a 5 Megaton bomb in the Thames Estuary between Canvey Island and Chatham, perhaps an economy measure as it assails the refinery and the naval base at one go.

THE EXHORTATIONS of *Protect and Survive* do not fit well with such concealed official expectations of what will happen during an attack. With threats and pleas, *Protect and Survive* urges people to 'stay put'. This *may* be good advice while you are sheltering from fallout; it is nonsense, except to the bureaucrats, before an attack. The correct, commonsense point of view was expressed succinctly in a 'Nuclear Survival Handbook' published by Arrow last week:

> Persons living near the 'earthquake crater' areas (ie near the centre of a likely explosion) should ignore all threats or inducements intended to make them remain in that area, and should evacuate it even if they had made no previous arrangements regarding their destination.

If everyone followed this advice, the government would have to think seriously about providing extensively for refugees from the urban areas and other likely targets. They would have to arrange greater food stocks and make early plans for emergency accommodation for hundreds of thousands of people. They would have to reconsider the current plans for sealing off roads. During the trip to the Wanstead bunker, the press were able to see the 'restricted' plan for Essential Service Routes (ESRs) around Greater London. All 14 major roads from London would be designated ESRs, reserved for government traffic only.

Ultimately, the Home Office would have to abandon the policy, now explicit, of deliberately trying to ensure that a large part of the urban population *does not survive* an attack. It is worth comparing this policy with some other features of the highly detailed Square Leg scenario, which we have obtained from classified military plans for the exercise. Here are a few of the steps up to war:

27 August: HMG requests preparations to be made to remove art treasures.

12 September: Cabinet approves Queen Order 2 (Suspension of Parliament and assumption of Emergency Powers).

13 September: Panic buying in some cities.

War was declared on 15 September, four days before nuclear attack; in between, the government bunkers were manned, so that the top brass might join the nation's art treasures on the survival list.

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Prudential profile No. 5: Kenneth Fleet reporting

Kenneth Fleet, leading financial journalist and city Editor of the Sunday Express, talks to Eric Chapman, Prudential Chief Surveyor, and Duncan Hall, Chief Executive, Corby District Council, on site in Corby.

"On site with the Prudential at Corby, I find a sign of hope for a town's future."

The Prudential is the largest property investor in the United Kingdom, with a portfolio currently valued around £2 billions. How does the Prudential handle its responsibilities? Kenneth Fleet visits Corby, where the Prudential, in partnership with Corby District Council, are about to construct a series of small factory units.

Kenneth Fleet: You are financing new factories in what threatens to become a depressed area. Why?

Eric Chapman: (*Prudential*) Primarily, because we think this scheme will be a good long term investment for our policyholders' funds. That must be our first consideration. Secondly, Corby is an area where it must be good for the nation if we can create new small industries.

Fleet: When did the Prudential decide to become involved?

Chapman: After Corby District Council put this out to tender, we produced a report in February and it was approved by the Prudential Board in March. We hope to start work shortly, and to have factory units available as soon as possible.

Fleet: Mr. Chapman, what is your role? The Prudential are not merely property investors but . . .

Chapman: My responsibilities cover all the Pru's property assets. Our philosophy, ever since we started investing in property in 1864, has been to do the whole job ourselves. To do this, I have an estate department with over 100 qualified surveyors, architects, engineers and so on.

Fleet: You made a fast decision on Corby. Is this characteristic of the property department of a large insurance company?

Chapman: We, certainly, are geared to give prompt decisions.

Fleet: How far is Corby Council involved?

Duncan Hall (*Corby District Council*): We wanted to provide small advance factory units to attract smaller businesses in the locality. We see our involvement as a partnership with Prudential. We are responsible for the management and for letting the units, and Drivers Jonas are acting for us.

Fleet: Is it a good idea to have this kind of cooperation?

Hall: It's essential, in terms of the need to provide development in a place like Corby, where unemployment is likely to exceed 25%.

Fleet: Has the Prudential's arrival stimulated interest among other companies?

Hall: Yes, indeed. The Prudential's willingness to invest in Corby shows the confidence of a major investor in the town's future.

The Prudential's annual report is available from the Publicity Department, Prudential Assurance Company Limited, 142 Holborn Bars, London EC1N 2NH.

Prudential

You don't know the half of it.

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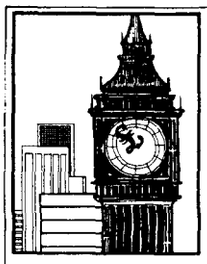

Peter Kellner, Political Editor

No wrecks and nobody drownded

IN STANLEY HOLLOWAY'S monologue, *Albert and the Lion,* the Ramsbottoms' first few days in Blackpool were something of a disappointment: 'There was no wrecks and nobody drownded: in Fact, nothing to laugh at at all. Until the debate on the party leadership on Wednesday afternoon this year's Labour Party conference displayed much the same sense of anti-climax. James Callaghan did not say if or when he proposed to retire as leader: Denis Healey did not attract the level of abuse from constituency delegates that he suffered four years ago as the IMF crisis began to unfold; Shirley Williams did not announce her departure from the party.

In fact, less has changed than meets the eye. For example the voting figures for the constituency section of the NEC provide a useful test of Shirley Williams's implied claim that militants are sweeping through the constituencies and frightening away moderate Labour members. It turns out that, in the NEC election, support for the two *Militant* tendency candidates, Raymond Apps and Pat Wall, fell by more than one third while support for all the right-wing candidates, except for David Owen, was close to or above last year's levels.

The hatred between Left and Right remains real enough, however. The constitutional debates on Wednesday afternoon were fought between two sides that wished bitterly to defeat each other; the fact that most of the votes were locked up in advance removed none of that bitterness. Yet it remained a ritualised contest, resembling not so much the Normandy beaches as a difficult Saturday afternoon on the football terraces. To say the Labour Party is at war, but should not be, is the exact opposite of the truth: The Labour Party is not at war, but on some issues — such as how the next Labour government can avoid the economic failures of the last one — it should be.

One exquisite example of conference ritual was Tony Benn's speech replying to Monday morning's debate on the economy. He promised three major pieces of legislation *within weeks* of Labour returning to power: a new Industry Act, withdrawal from the Common Market, and the abolition of the House of Lords. Nobody for a moment imagines that it will happen. Indeed nobody who wants considered parliamentary lawmaking (a cause Tony Benn generally espouses) can think it should happen.

AS FOR Benn's suggestion that a thousand peers should be created for a day to ensure that the Lords confirm their own demise, it is something that seems to run in the family. When Asquith threatened to swamp the Lords with new peers 70 years ago to get through his own reforms, one of the men on Asquith's list was John Benn, Tony's grandfather. It occurs to me that if one of Tony's baronial creations were his son Hilary (as on any objective test of active left-wing activity he should be), then the family line would, in sequence, contain a threatened peer, an actual peer (Lord Stansgate), a resigned peer, and one-day peer. Perhaps the most persuasive case for abolishing the Lords would be to end this genetic madness.

Old Blackpool hands say it is a mistake to criticise the rhetoric of party conferences. It is really an occasion to rouse the faithful; you cannot expect subtle policy issues to be debated in composited resolution in front of an audiece of thousands; the important thing is to settle major principles; and so on. What harm does it do?

Andrew Wiard (Report)

The harm it does is twofold. In principle it debases the party conference as a forum for making policy; and in practice it enables the party to avoid ideology, to side-step issues, and to obliterate serious thought. Rhetoric has become the handmaiden of ritual, the unreal language used to fight unreal battles.

It would not, perhaps, matter so much if all this were reserved for internal wrangles. But it spills — no, floods — over into Labour's attempts to debate the Tory government's record and devise alternative policies; and there are no signs that Labour in opposition is becoming a better prepared party than before.

Even plausible-sounding speeches rarely survive close inspection. Try the following: 'Unemployment is now the most menacing national problem. It is the direct responsibility of the government . . . In Wales and the West Midlands — it is almost unbelievable that unemployment could have come to the West Midlands, but there it is on a very severe scale — it is the worst they have known for decades . . . The key to civilising our society is to have far more elbow room for public expenditure . . . There never was a time when the Tory philosophy of telling everyone to look after themselves was less relevant to our needs. The technology of the late 20th century will prove a monster in all our lives unless it is effectively controlled — and that means publicly controlled.'

There are three points to be made about the speech from which that extract is drawn. First, it ignored the fact that the previous unemployment peak occurred under a Labour government. Second, it provided no analysis of how public control of industry could be made to work efficiently. Third, the speech was not made this week in Blackpool at all, but by Roy Jenkins at Labour's 1971 conference in Brighton. His speech then, like most speeches this week, was the ritual response of a Labour opposition one-and-a-bit years into a Conservative government. Nothing, it seems, has changed — even down to the anguished discovery of unemployment 'this time in the West Midlands', as James Callaghan put it in his speech this week.

THE SPECIFIC resolutions passed this week on the economy also bear some resemblance to those passed in the early 1970s. That does not mean the resolutions are unworthy, or that they represent unreal aspirations: it does mean, however, that someone somewhere should seek to explain what went wrong last time, and therefore how to avoid the same mistakes next time. Yet this, arguably the most crucial question that now faces the Labour Party, provides the most acute example of ritual rather than real debate between Left and Right. Both offer simple answers: the Left says the 1974/9 government succumbed to various enemies ranging from the civil service to the IMF; the Right says it wasn't such a bad government after all, though maybe we didn't get it quite right with the unions at the end. So while Benn calls for a revolution through legislation — with one leap, or at any rate three Acts of Parliament, Britain will be set free — Callaghan uses Thatcher's record as a reason for seeking to stifle debate:

> If anyone wants to ask why we need unity in this movement, it is to ensure that we can reverse the calamitous decline that has taken place since (the Tories) have been in office. I know we have got a lot of things wrong. We are not arch angels and we never were. Yesterday I heard a delegate advising conference . . . Beware, he said, for we shall find ourselves in the position we were in before. Friends, there are millions in this country today who would like to be in the position they were in before.

The virtue of Tony Benn's position is that he does at least offer an alternative to the politics of Labour's last ten years. Callaghan offers none. He may 'know we have got a lot of things wrong', but he is not telling us what they were. Nor is Denis Healey, his heir apparent. There are people and groups here and there who are prepared to be a little less stale and a little more candid: Peter Shore, for example, in his recent H.G. Wells Memorial Lecture. *ASTMS's Quarterly Economic Review* shows that unions are capable of more subtle economic analysis than anyone could believe from reading their conference resolutions and listening to their delegates' conference speeches. And a small fringe meeting on Monday evening under the auspices of the newly formed Labour Economic Policy Group provided not only fresh thinking, but also a serious level of open debate (for example on the rival merits of devaluation and import controls, issues this column will return to).

The Labour Party needs time to let these arguments develop. It is precisely the wrong time to call for unity. One of the few crumbs of comfort from Blackpool is that nobody is likely to heed it.

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PORTUGAL
Paul Foot

Prime minister at the centre of corrupt business deal allegations

The mystery of the unpaid loans

ONE OF the most popular posters on show during the Portuguese election campaign (decision next week) carries the message: WATERGATE-CARNEIROGATE. Everyone in Portugal knows what that means. For the Prime Minister, Francisco Sa Carneiro, who is trying in this campaign to add to the slender right-wing coalition majority in the Portuguese parliament, is embroiled in corruption allegations strikingly similar to those which destroyed Richard Nixon eight years ago.

Casting itself happily in the role of the *Washington Post* of that occasion is the Communist daily *O Diario*, which has been sued over and over again by the Prime Minister, but which has, in the best traditions of this kind of journalism, replied to every writ with another flurry of allegations. The allegations can be summarised like this: Sa Carneiro was for many years a deputy in the fascist parliament under the dictator Caetano. Early in 1974, he declared publicly that he would be devoting more time to 'business' and the stock exchange. For this purpose, he and his brother borrowed some 13 million escudos (about £60,000) from the Oporto branch of the Espirito Santo ('Holy Spirit') bank. A prominent director of the bank at the time was a Mr Holtremann La Roquette, a personal friend of Sa Carneiro's. The money was to be paid back at standard rates of interest in five tranches ending in August 1974.

The brothers started investing busily in likely stocks, but in April 1974 the government was overthrown and the stock exchange collapsed. Soon afterwards, according to *O Diario,* the Sa Carneiro loans were quietly transferred to the Lisbon branch of the Espirito Santo, where they were entered under the name of 'Ricardo S. Carneiro', who doesn't seem to exist. There they have remained, unpaid, and accrued interest brings their value to more than £300,000.

NOT LONG after this transfer, the bank workers took over control of the newly nationalised banks, and noticed the curious history of the loans. They kept all the relevant documents, and made them available to *O Diario*. Their publication in a special eight-page supplement to *O Diario* caused quite a stir in the election campaign. The Socialist Party joined the Communist Party in demanding a public inquiry. Various dignitaries and priests made public statements asking for the matter to be cleared up.

The Prime Minister responded curiously. On 23 July he issued a decree enabling debtors to banks to repay their debts with shares bought before the revolution, however worthless they might be. On 27 July he appointed Mario Adegas, a central committee member of his party, to be a director of the Espirito Santo bank. And on 14 August he appeared with leading members of his government on television to deny the allegations. His official communique said:

> The Prime Minister owes nothing to the nationalised banking system . . . and his dealings with it have always taken place within strict legal limits.

This has caused some hilarity on the Left, whose commentators have not been slow to ask who is setting the legal limits these days. More pertinently, *O Diario* added: 'If he does not owe, how did he pay?'

Meanwhile, the banking career of Holtremann La Roquette continues, but seemingly with diminished momentum. He is reported to have gone to Brazil to 'mastermind' the Banco Inter-Atlantico do Investimento, with the aid of a good deal of money from Espirito Santo and a minority interest from the London merchant bankers Guinness Mahon — who have since become disenchanted with the exercise, and are said to be liquidating their holding. The moral of the story, perhaps, is to be found in Simone Weil's remark that while the survival of capitalism undoubtedly depends on debts being paid, it depends equally critically on debts remaining unpaid.

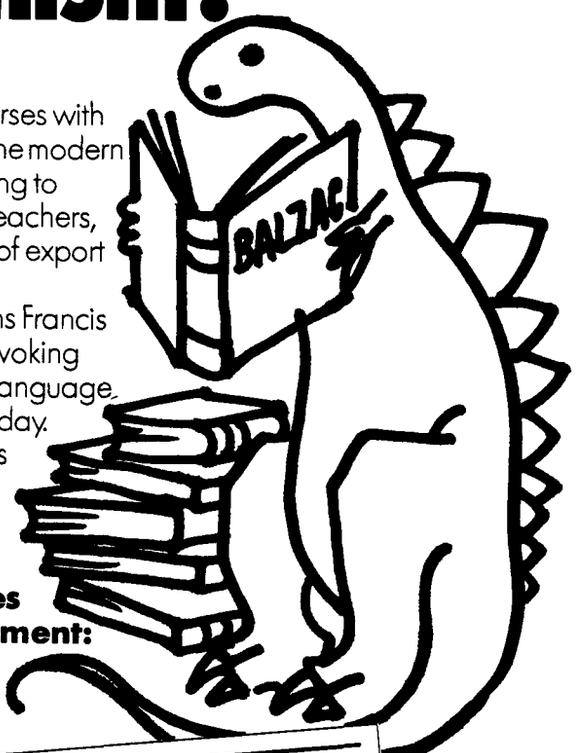
Correction

A proof-reading error in last week's piece on the IBA led to us saying that the government intends to compel the IBA to readvertise broadcasting franchises every three years. This should have said *eight* years.

Has the way modern languages are taught become an anachronism?

"Are traditional University courses with their literary bias, dinosaurs on the modern scene? Should we be responding to pressures for better training of teachers, formation of Eurocrats, training of export salesmen?"

These are the sort of questions Francis Higman asks in his thought-provoking feature on the state of modern language studies in Britain's universities today. And answers in the way he sees them developing over the next decade or two.



Also in this week's Times Higher Education Supplement:

* Flaubert's letters.
* University Presses "Special Books Number".

THE TIMES
Higher Education
SUPPLEMENT

Every Friday

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SPORT
Denis Lehane

John Owen, the Welsh bantamweight, is critically ill. Who is to blame?

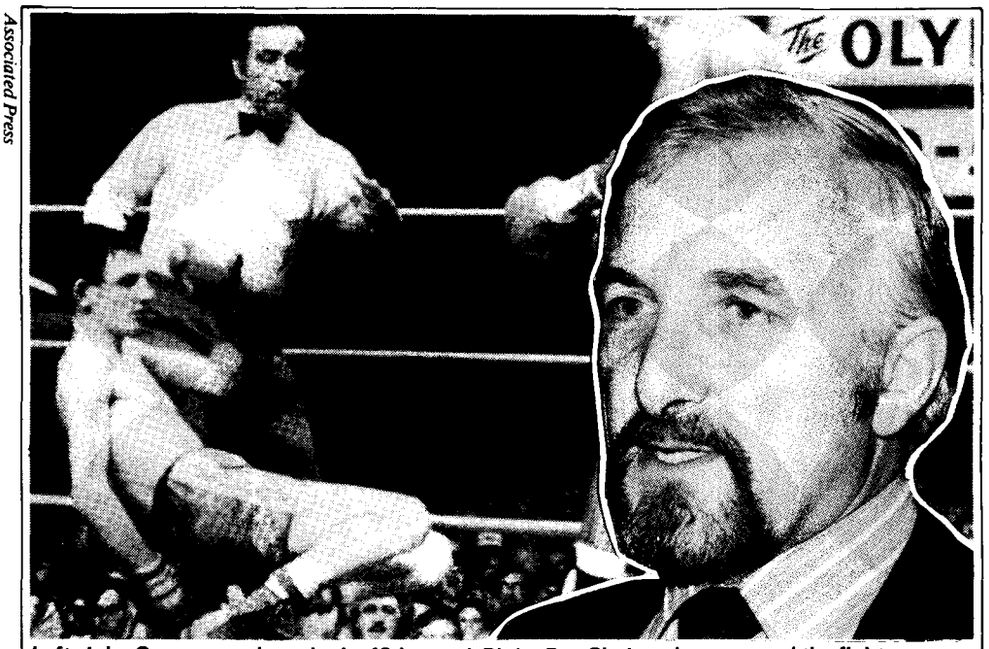
Boxing's self-perpetuating oligarchy

JOHN OWEN, THE WELSH champion bantamweight boxer, lies critically ill with brain damage in a Los Angeles hospital. It is doubtful if he will survive and, if he does, even more doubtful whether he will lead anything approaching a normal life. A major share of the responsibility for this tragedy lies with the British Boxing Board of Control, the organisation which oversees the professional sport in this country and whose letter-heading is graced with the names of a number of distinguished lawyers and others.

In theory professional boxing is a well-regulated sport. Owen was only allowed to step into the ring against Guadaloupe Pintor on 19 September because the fight had been sanctioned by the World Boxing Council and the BBBoC. Under WBC rules Pintor, as champion, could only fight a challenge from a boxer ranked as one of the top ten bantamweight fighters. This is a sensible rule as it prevents champions taking on no-hopers and protects hopelessly outclassed boxers from serious injury.

Owen was ranked number four in the WBC rankings before the Pintor fight. But he was nowhere near that good. A detailed examination of Pintor's boxing record would have shown the BBBoC that he was a much more experienced and tougher fighter than Owen and given them good grounds for refusing to let the fight go ahead. Their failure to do this is far from being the first example of the Board's shortcomings.

The Board, as a major power within the WBC, allowed Owen to be given his exaggeratedly high ranking. The rankings — which are changed every month — are chiefly decided by horse-trading between the various national bodies.



Associated Press

Left: John Owen goes down in the 12th round. Right: Ray Clarke who approved the fight.

THE BRITISH BOXING Board of Control has run professional boxing here since 1929. The central board is comprised of 25 stewards, who are divided into administrative stewards and stewards of appeal. The stewards of appeal are senior lawyers who play no part in the running of the board, merely sitting in judgment as a court of appeal. The most important administrative steward is the chairman, Alexander H. Elliot, a city businessman. Under the Board's regulations a quorum of only three administrative stewards is necessary to deliberate on Board matters. The stewards are nominated by a body called the General Joint Committee: the Board together with representatives of the Board's various area councils. However a quorum of only five is needed for the Council to meet and nominate Board members. As a result the Board is a self-perpetuating oligarchy, where the stewards are chosen by each other.

The Southern Area Council of the Board, which comprises London, is the dominant power within it. It was through his control of this that the late Jack Solomons controlled the Board itself. Until 1963 it was elected by licence holders, but in a carefully-planned coup, Solomons and his supporters were voted off the Council. The new incumbents abolished elections and made ineligible for membership anyone who had a financial connection in boxing. The leaders of the revolution were Jarvis Astaire, an ex-boxer Mickey Duff and Solomons' long-time rival promoter, Harry Levene. Though not on the Board this triumvirate has since amassed a virtual monopoly in British professional boxing through their command of the major boxing venues and access to television and closed circuit television. It is the Board's job to regulate these powerful men. Earlier this year the Board's general secretary Ray Clarke boasted that he had fined Duff £25 for a breach of the Board's regulations. Duff himself is a man who boasts of losing £50,000 in one session at the gambling tables in Las Vegas. He would be happy to pay £25 fines every hour if that were the worst punishment meted out to him. Duff made the match between Owen and Pintor and the Board, under the rule of Elliott and Clarke, approved it.

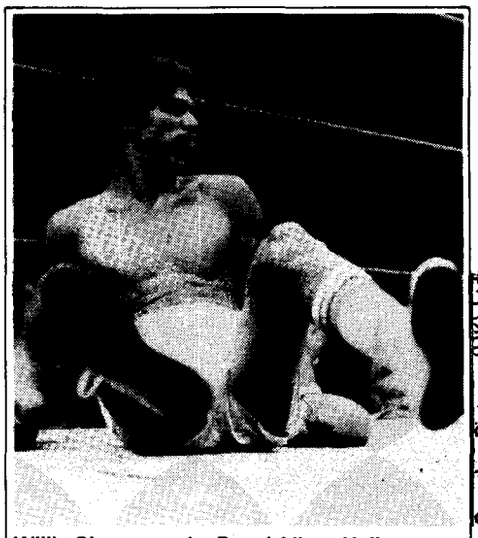
TO UNDERSTAND WHAT happened to Owen and why, it is important to grasp the significance of the weight at which he fought. Bantamweight (under 118 pounds) is one of the old-time weights of professional boxing dating from the days when there were only eight championship weights. Today the WBC has 13 weights and the improvement in the diet of the developed world since 1945 has meant that Europe has very few healthy adult males whose natural weight would make them natural contenders at the lower weights — of which bantamweight is one.

Increasingly over the past two decades these weights have been monopolised by fighters from Latin America, Southeast Asia and Japan. Owen, a good club fighter, had no experience against top class bantamweight fighters in their prime. There was nothing in his record to suggest that he could go to Los Angeles and win the world title from a man like Pintor. The major surprise in the fight was that he lasted until the twelfth round.

Owen had had 27 fights, winning 25, drawing one and losing one to the European champion Juan Francisco Rodriguez in March 1979 (Owen won the championship in February 1980). But in general the quality of Owen's opposition was poor. For example, he had fought Neil McLaughlin four times. Until this year McLaughlin — who often fights a weight below Owen at flyweight — had only won five out of his 19 fights. In his first fight Britain's flyweight champion Charlie Magri knocked out McLaughlin; but Owen was unable to stop McLaughlin in any of their fights.

Owen won the British title in only his tenth professional fight, but he had only fought six men, having fought two men three times each, a good indication of how shallow is the depth of talent at bantamweight in this country. Only five of Owen's opponents have any claim to be other than club fighters. Three of these were past their prime when Owen fought them, and Rodriguez, his one loss, whom he later beat, was not a world class fighter. One — John Feeney, aged 22 — could not be described as being past his prime. But Feeney's experience was against the small pool of fighters that Owen had met and he was probably too young and inexperienced to pose Owen any real problems.

Against this there is Pintor's record. Out of 48 professional fights he has been beaten five



Sporting Pictures (UK) Ltd

Willie Classen at the Royal Albert Hall

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times. But in all but one of these he had been defeated on points. The one exception was a stoppage for cuts; nobody had beaten him over 15 rounds and only three of his victories had gone the distance. It is unlikely that he had ever met anyone like Owen before, whose record, although good, was limited and included nobody who would prepare him for the remorseless body-punching and head-hunting that he would meet from Pintor.

The British Boxing Board of Control could have stopped the Owen/Pintor fight. Their regulations prevent any British boxer from fighting without the Board's permission and the board's objects, as stated in Regulation 2(d), are:

> to promote and safeguard the interests of British professional boxers throughout the world.

If the Board had seriously evaluated Pintor and Owen's records and carried out their obligation to look after Owen's interests, it is difficult to see how they could have approved the match. But this is not the first time the Board has failed in its duty.

A YEAR AGO Willie Classen, a New York petty gangster who hired his fists outside the ring as well as in it, agreed at two days' notice to fight the then British Middleweight champion Tony Sibson at the Royal Albert Hall. Classen was knocked out in two one-sided rounds; and six weeks and one fight later he was dead from a massive brain haemorrhage.

When Classen arrived in London he was a washed-up fighter. Following the worst defeat of his career in April 1978 the New York State Athletic Commission took away his licence to box and ordered him to have a complete neurological examination before it would let him fight again. When co-promoter Duff told Ray Clarke of the BBBoC that Classen did not have a licence, Clarke allowed the fight to go ahead despite a Board regulation (22, para 1(b)) that overseas boxers must have a licence and a medical certificate of fitness to box issued by their domestic regulatory authority. Classen had neither. A British general practitioner who gave Classen a medical the day before the fight did not know of the order for Classen to have a complete neurological examination and said later that if he had known the true circumstances he would not have let him box. When Classen died after a fight in New York in November a committee of State Senators demanded to know why the BBBoC had allowed him to box without a licence.

The Board has never explained why it allowed Classen to fight. When the *Sunday Times* criticised their behaviour the Board refused to deal with the newspaper and Mickey Duff and Harry Levene banned the paper from press facilities at their shows, Duff saying privately that the reason was that the newspaper would not let the Classen affair die. The ban was later lifted.

In March this year the BBBoC allowed Dave Green, a welterweight, and John Conteh, a lightheavyweight, to take world title fights in the United States. There were serious doubts about Green, who had lost the European title on a second round knock-out to a 36 year old man, but Clarke defended the Board's decision by saying that his opponent — Ray Leonard — did not have a big punch. This was nonsense, as Leonard showed by knocking Green out in the fourth round.

The Green knock-out was a chilling, frightening event. He was out for many minutes and a tragedy of the Classen or Owen dimensions seemed possible. Board general secretary Ray Clarke was at the fight. The Americans falsely described Green as the 'British welterweight champion' when he was not, and also distorted his record to claim that he was a one punch knock-out fighter, which he was not. Yet the Board general secretary took no effective action to correct these errors.

It is easy with hindsight to say that Owen should not have been allowed into the ring with Pintor. Pintor was not unbeatable; he had boxed an unimpressive draw with the Japanese champion Eijiro Murata earlier this year. But there was a clear difference in class between Owen and Pintor which should have made the Board stop and think. It is not unprecedented for the Board to forbid a British fighter to fight for the world crown. It did so in 1959 when former British heavyweight champion Brian London wanted to fight Floyd Paterson, and fined the man when he went ahead and did so anyway.

Owen got a purse of just over £10,000 for the Pintor fight: a pitifully small price to pay for such a fine young man's life. Nobody could be certain that Owen would sustain serious injury in the ring. One never can. What was predictable was that he would take a bad beating by a much tougher and harder hitting opponent. Owen — like Green — was never given a serious chance of victory. He was knocked out, and he suffered serious injury. The Board could have protected him from that eventuality. In April, writing in the *Sunday Times* of the Green fight and in reference to the Classen affair, I asked of the Board 'How many more mistakes can they afford to make?' John Owen is one mistake too many. If Mr Elliot, Mr Clarke, and the members of the Board are honourable men, they will admit their mistakes and resign like honourable men. Justice requires it.

History Today and the Student

The October issue of History Today introduces a special Student Essay Competition. All University and Polytechnic students are invited to submit an article of no more than 3,000 words on any Historical Subject of their choice.

A distinguished panel will choose the three most outstanding essays and award prizes of £100, £75 and £50 accordingly. In addition, the winning essays will also be published in History Today. See the October issue for more details and instructions for entrance.

This month History Today examines two largely unobserved aspects of the French Revolution.

Propaganda – its popular purpose.

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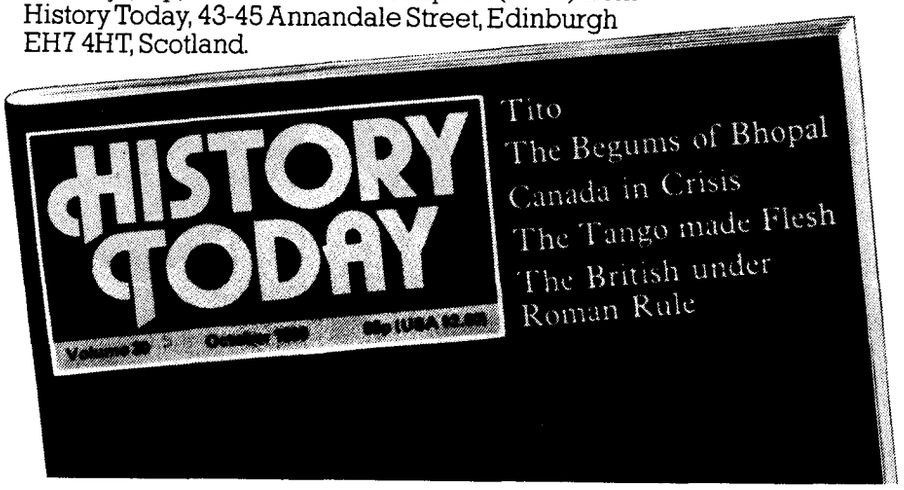

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The clothes we wear

CHRISTOPHER HIRD shows how the crisis in the textile industry could have been avoided. GARY HERMAN and RON TAYLOR outline the current problems.

ANY EXAMINATION of the problems of the textile industry inevitably starts with the question of imports. Since at least the Thirties, textile companies have blamed many if not all their problems on the cheap overseas producers. In the Thirties Japan and India were held responsible for the disappearance of Britain's export markets and manufacturers called on the government to stop the flood of cheap American imports into Britain. In the early Fifties, when imports began to rise sharply after a short period of decline, the industry's view of the problem crystallised. In the words of one expert observer:

> Imports, and especially imports from low-income Asian countries, were regarded as the cause of all the difficulties, and pressures for protection began to mount.[1]

Throughout the next three decades the main thrust of government policy was to provide financial incentives for old companies to close down and new companies to regroup and re-equip in the hope that unit costs could be reduced to a level that would make the British textile industry more efficient and competitive and jobs more secure.

There was clearly something wrong with this strategy as a means of securing the industry's future. Since 1950 over 700,000 jobs have been lost in the textile and clothing industries and the contraction is accelerating: more jobs were lost in the first four months of this year than in the whole of 1979. This decline in UK employment has been accompanied by a growth in imports, so there is an obvious scapegoat. For example, almost three quarters of the shirts made in Britain are now imported, compared with under a half seven years ago; over a third of the woollen and worsted cloth used in Britain is now imported, compared with under a tenth at the beginning of the Seventies.

The problems caused by imports in one section of the textile industry are quickly magnified throughout the industry as a result of its immensely complex, specialised and fragmented nature. There is a long processing and manufacturing chain between the raw fibre — whether it is cotton, wool or man-made — and the finished product which ends up in the shops.

Despite much rationalisation in recent years, and some mergers, these processes are often handled by independent companies, between whom communication is poor. When, for example, a retailing chain decides not to buy a British suit, suppliers at each stage of the process feel the effect and this provides the opportunity for importers to move into these up-stream areas. What has happened to the men's tailoring industry is in many ways emblematic of the industry as a whole.

AT THE BEGINNING of the seventies men's and boys' suits formed one of the largest single sectors of the clothing industry; about a quarter of Britain's total sales were imported. During the decade the industry declined significantly: in 1979 three million fewer suits were sold in the UK than in 1973, and almost half of those that were sold were imported. During that period the main tailoring groups, whose names are well known High Street shops — UDS (Alexandre), Hepworth and Burtons — closed down most of their UK tailoring plants, which supplied their shops, and bought elsewhere. This had a profound impact on their suppliers.

As the 1960s drew to a close it had become increasingly obvious to the Burton family — who, despite a relatively small shareholding, clung on to voting control of their company — that something had to be done about the problems the company faced. It had been built up on the made-to-measure suit business, which was now fading fast; the prospects for its ready-to-wear clothing, which had a decidedly conventional image, were not sparkling.

Burtons had two major assets: a string of literally hundreds of very valuable shops, and thousands of people employed in several tailoring factories around the country. Their solution to the problem they faced was to appoint the management-school trained Ladislas Rice to transform the company. His strategy was to diversify, as quickly as possible, away from men's tailoring. The company bought Rymans, the office equipment chain, and Evans, the women's wear chain, in an attempt to spread their risk in the retailing business. A separate Burton property company was floated.

The Rice strategy failed to transform Burton's profits: by 1977 the company was losing millions of pounds. Rice was replaced by Cyril Spencer — an experienced retailer from the womenswear side of the business. Although, like many retailers, Burtons are feeling the recession at the moment, last year's profits were a healthy £16 million.

The company which produced these was, however, quite a different animal from the one found at the beginning of the Seventies. Then, over 90 per cent of Burton's business was in the menswear trade, and most of these clothes were made in Burton factories, which employed over 12,000 people. Today menswear accounts for just over half of Burton's business and — when closures currently under way are completed — only 2,000 people work in their factories, which make something like a quarter of the number of suits they did ten years ago.

There is some evidence that this decline was not inevitable. At about the same time as Ladislas Rice started his work at Burtons, another big retailer — Marks and Spencer — thought that it should start selling suits. Because they did not wish to get involved in the made-to-measure business, M&S needed to sell the jacket and the trousers separately. There was no UK supplier who could provide them with the product they wanted at the price they wanted, so they bought from suppliers in Germany, Italy and Sweden. However, Marks and Spencer have a policy of working very closely with their suppliers and with their suppliers' suppliers. Their day-to-day co-operation over all aspects of design and production means that they find it easier, culturally, linguistically and geographically, to deal with British suppliers. On their tours of suit factories in Europe the Marks and Spencer people had noticed two things: most British suit manufacturers appeared to be trailing behind their European competitors technically and technologically; and the organisation of suit factories strongly resembled that of shirt factories.

They suggested to one of their shirt suppliers — I.J. Dewhirst — that it should go into suit-making. I.J. Dewhirst occupies a slightly special place in the history of Marks and Spencer, as Isaac Dewhirst, the company's founder, lent the original Michael Marks £5 to start in business and also provided him with his partner, Tom Spencer. Nevertheless, the business relationship between the two concerns is not essentially different from that enjoyed by many Marks and Spencer suppliers.

Dewhirsts, with considerable help from Marks and Spencer's own and other technologists and consultants, set up and staffed a suit factory. It was a long, detailed and difficult process. But today the company makes over 3,000 suits a week and plans to increase production to nearer 4,000 by Christmas. It employs 450 people in suit-

Camera Press

The two men who tried to transform Burtons: Ladislas Rice (right) who failed and Cyril Spencer (left) who succeeded. Clothing workers' jobs disappeared nonetheless

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Menswear: more likely to be imported now than five, or ten years ago

making and another 400 in what can be broadly described as leisurewear. None of these jobs existed in 1971. The company's profits last year were almost £1½ million compared with under £250,000 in 1972.

IT MAY SEEM ODD for a socialist journal to write in such terms of profit-seeking companies whose boards display conventional distaste for the ideas and organisations of the Left. But such a criticism seems to miss several important points. It is a great disservice to the idea of socialism to suggest that all capitalist enterprises are uniformly inept and venal. Far too little thought is given on the Left to the detail of running business enterprises: yet this is a problem which faces all societies, capitalist and socialist. Finally, the features which distinguish Marks and Spencer and its suppliers from much of what is going on elsewhere in British business are just those features that seem untypical of capitalism.

Much is frequently made of Marks and Spencer's policy of buying British: despite the competition posed by cheap imports 90 per cent of M&S's textile products are still bought in this country. But as both Goronwy Rees's history of Marks and Spencer[2] and Israel Sieff's memoirs[3] make clear, this policy was not the result of sentiment but a commercial necessity. Briefly, until the middle of the 1920s M&S was a 'Penny Bazaar' selling a wide range of cheap goods. After a visit to America, Simon Marks decided that the future lay in creating a store chain with a more limited range of mainly textile goods which offered good value for money. By imposing a price limit of five shillings on each item he was forced to by-pass the wholesalers and deal with the manufacturers direct. And because of his demands for quality, he needed to be in close contact with the manufacturers. Having bought extensively overseas because that was the cheapest market, M&S found that it was buying more and more from British suppliers.

By the time the Second World War broke out, M&S was buying 94 per cent of its merchandise in Britain, and the cultural traditions which predominate in the business now were well established. Today, for example, no-one in M&S is likely to suggest buying a job lot of foreign shirts just because they are cheap. The underlying assumption of the business is that by close contact with suppliers, attention to detail, creating links through the supplying chain and a constant search for new techniques of production, it is possible to produce textile goods in Britain that can sell in the shops.

Few of these attitudes have been mirrored in most of the British textile industry. In 1959 the government launched a major programme aimed at reorganising and equipping the cotton textile industry, accompanied by a temporary 'voluntary' control on imports from Hong Kong and Pakistan. The scheme used up a lot of public money in encouraging old plants to close down — though most of these would probably have done so anyway. In Caroline Miles's view, one of its major failures was to overlook the industry's management and financial problems:

> Profitability was low, cash flow was poor, outside finance was difficult to obtain, and there was little new investment. Managements for many years had specialised in the art of survival, often with remarkable success, but were not, with rare exceptions, either mentally or professionally equipped to embark on transforming their companies.

Studies of the wool textile industry have reached similar conclusions. In 1969 NEDO, discussing the small companies which predominated in the industry, said:

> The quality and skill of management in many of these small companies is highly suspect.

But words in NEDO reports, or those from the Textile Council on the cotton industry in the same year, had little impact on the attitudes of men whose families had run their companies for generations.

SOME COMPANIES, however, did take advantage of the breathing space which the government's schemes provided. Two of the largest companies in the industry devoted considerable financial and management resources to diversifying away from the UK. In 1971, Coats Paton, one of the four largest companies in the industry, had 43 per cent of its assets in the UK, and 40 per cent of its sales came from UK plants. By the end of the decade, UK assets and sales from those plants accounted for only 35 per cent of the total. The number of UK employees had fallen by over 17,000 to 23,000; overseas employees increased slightly. In Tootal — one of the major companies in the cotton textile trade — the number of people employed in the UK between 1970 and 1978 fell by 30 per cent, while the profits of the company as a whole doubled; profits fell sharply in 1979.

A NEDO study of the wool textile industry[4] suggested that despite the low level of profitability in the industry, dividends remained very high: even in the year in which retained profits were the highest, 30 per cent of after-tax profits were distributed.

The experience of a company such as I.J. Dewhirst — which is a customer for other UK manufacturers right up the textile chain — shows that there is an alternative strategy to that chosen by other companies in the industry. It is, however, noticeable that Dewhirst has a very low level of dividend distribution. It is also — like M&S itself — remarkable for its determination to concentrate its resources on its own business and not on taking over others. It is also — combined with the significant but well planned risk it took in starting suit manufacture — a very cautious company: one of its directors was concerned about us reporting its excellent record, as this could only give hostages to fortune.

These are not insignificant features of the company as they indicate the priorities which prevail in the business. They are also attitudes which are unfamiliar in the centre of British finance capital, the City of London, where short-term profit performance and rapid growth are admired. Not least among the textile industry's problems is the ease with which companies have been able to take over others, regardless of the strict industrial logic. The difficulties of the major independent wool textile company — Illingworth Morris — would not be quite so acute today if the Ostrer brothers, who controlled it until their deaths in 1975, had not borrowed millions of pounds to finance a string of takeovers.

It can be objected that isolating just one Marks & Spencer supplier — who still do not make a tenth of the suits which Burton made ten years ago — one is making unfair demands of major companies which faced a wholesale collapse of their business. Two arguments can be deployed against this: the big multiple tailors have not stopped *selling* mens' clothes; they have just started buying them elsewhere. It would have been harder work for them, ten years ago, to embark on a programme of factory modernisation, and it would probably have been riskier too, but it was an option. Second, the lesson one draws from I.J. Dewhirst is not that if everyone was a Marks and Spencer supplier the textile industry would survive, but that if different priorities and a different industrial culture prevailed throughout the industry things might have been very different.

THERE CAN be no doubt that the crisis facing the industry at present is very severe. Output in many parts of the wool textile industry — until recently remarkably healthy — has fallen by a fifth this year. Imports in some areas — carpets and shirts, for example — have risen sharply, and even the most efficient producers are finding themselves at a significant price disadvantage. Some of the problem

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is, as we have suggested, connected with long term birds coming home to roost: the industry's failure to adapt to changing patterns of demand combined with the inevitable starting-up of relatively unsophisticated textile industries in developing nations. Some is the result of short-term developments: the strength of the pound and the recession have made British goods relatively more expensive and reduced demand overall.

But other forces are also at work. Since 1977 Britain's trade balance in textiles and clothing has been worsening in every major category. For many years before that the trade surplus on textiles outweighed the deficit on clothing. In 1977 the overall balance was a deficit of just £4 million. Last year it was £691 million and this year it is expected to be £800 million. However, as recently as June trade secretary John Nott remarked that the performance of the British textile industry showed exports to be well in advance of imports in a number of cases. Nott's department has also produced a booklet, *The Government and the textiles industry*, which says: 'All textile industries in the developed world are having to come to terms with the problems of competition from low-cost imports.' This should not, however, be read as meaning that imports come from the low cost countries of the Third World. By value, 60 per cent of the imports of textiles and clothing come from the developed world — mainly Europe, the US and Japan.

Although it is true that low-cost countries lead on clothing imports, high-cost countries account for around 40 per cent of such imports. And in some cases — synthetic fibres and carpets from US, and men's suits from Italy, West Germany and Finland, for example — imports from high-cost countries have been rising considerably faster than from low-cost countries, where these exist. Last year, for instance, imports of woollen and mixed-fibre suits from Italy increased by 56 per cent and 27 per cent respectively. South Korea supplied almost three times as many mixed-fibre suits as Italy but this was a decrease of 34 per cent on the previous year, and they represented only 1¼ times the value of the Italian mixed-fibre suits.

Furthermore, the distinction between high-cost and low-cost countries is not that clear-cut. Cheap imports from state trading countries — mainly Comecon — which are little more than a means of buying hard currency, frequently come through an intermediary: 40 per cent of Germany's textile and clothing output is believed to involve East German suppliers or factories in some stage of the production process. US manufacturers exploit their government's dual-pricing policy for oil, economies of scale and their location in low-wage areas like the Southern States to undercut European producers. Anti-dumping measures imposed against the US by the EEC have been condemned as inadequate by virtually everyone in the British textile industry. Continued allegations are made against the highly successful wool textile region of Prato in Italy, where it is claimed that the black economy helps reduce costs.

Finally, and importantly for the future, Hong Kong textile workers now receive wages comparable with, and often in excess of those received by workers in Portugal, Spain and Greece. These countries are shortly to become members of the EEC, whose policy on textiles makes Britain — with one of the most archaic industries in Europe — extremely vulnerable.

IN THE THIRD world and the newly industrialising countries the EEC has encouraged, through the Multi Fibre Arrangement, the growth of labour-intensive textile and clothing industries, in return for access to raw materials and markets for advanced technological goods. By setting limits on the growth of imports the EEC hoped to help the industries of the less developed countries more than those of places like Hong Kong and South Korea, which already had well developed textile industries. Much the same idea was behind the EEC's preferential trade agreements with Portugal, the Mediterranean countries and the African, Caribbean and Pacific countries which signed the Lomé agreement.

The Multi Fibre Arrangement has not, however, proved anything like watertight. The scheme under which EEC-produced items can be sent outside the community for processing has helped non-EEC producers to increase their imports significantly. British trades union representatives have provided the EEC Commission with evidence of dumped Rumanian suits selling at a British wholesale price of £7.50 and of falsely labelled East German suits. The Commission has refused to act. Indeed, it has pushed ahead with plans to raise the outward processing level to 30 per cent of output and with attempts to negotiate trading agreements with individual Comecon countries.

The tightening up of the MFA in 1977 appears only to have stimulated importing countries to more sophisticated methods of breaking and avoiding quotas. Cases of false certificates of origin have been identified and many British producers believe that compulsory origin marking would be a help. But Viscount Etienne D'Avignon, the Commissioner for Industry, recently said on a visit to West Yorkshire that he personally doubted its value because of the ease with which it could be avoided.

One of the major problems for Britain is that it is lumbered with a government and a civil service which has little interest in challenging the political and economic basis on which so much EEC policy has been allowed to develop. For example, the sudden rise of US exports of synthetic fibres and synthetic fibre tufted carpets into the EEC has been disastrous for British synthetic fibre and carpet producers. ICI — Britain's major producer — lost £33 million in its fibre division last year. Carpets International — Europe's largest carpet company — has faced a profits collapse, leading to retrenchment and closures. Another company — Associated Weavers — has closed down its UK tufting operation as the American parent company transferred production to the US.

The problem for the EEC is that picking a fight with the Americans might provoke a serious trade war which could wipe out what remains of the European steel industry; for several months the US has been complaining about the dumping of European steel in America. In February, following a British submission, the EEC imposed quotas on US polyester yarn and nylon carpet yarn. However, in the case of carpet yarn these allowed a further annual increase of 50 per cent; imports of tufted carpets were not restricted and US import penetration increased from 8½ per cent to nearly 20 per cent. EEC trade commissioner Willi Haferkamp said privately at the time of Britain's submission that the British did not know how to draft a submission to the EEC. This is probably true, but then the EEC do not seem to care how badly the submissions are drafted.

THE ONLY EXPANDING textile industries in Europe are in Italy, Portugal, Spain and Greece — the last three associate countries are shortly to join the EEC. These industries will be further helped by proposals to increase the amount of outward processing. Expansion of industry in these countries will clearly bring them extra political stability — in the past the EEC has shown its willingness to use trade policy in this way such as when, in 1978, Portuguese imports were raised at a time of political crisis. The Commission has also decided that the restriction on the free circulation of imported goods within the EEC does not apply when they come from associate countries. Furthermore outward processing in the associates does not apply against their quotas.

Dr Barry Seal, MEP for West Yorkshire, told us of one EEC official who commented that when Portugal enters the EEC in 1982 the British textile and clothing industry will be dead. The Commission denied this is official policy but Dr Seal claims that new textile machinery in Portugal (much of it owned by companies like Coats Paton) is currently running at only 30 per cent capacity.

The problem this poses for socialists is acute. In a perfect world — or at least one in which trade was planned and declining industries in the more industrialised countries were replaced by alternative employment — a southward drift of textiles might be attractive. Indeed, in the expanding years of the Fifties and Sixties many people working in textiles were successfully absorbed into other industries and some industries — such as shoes — declined almost unnoticed. But at the moment the stability and welfare of one area of Europe is being pursued at the expense of stability and welfare in Britain. The internal problems of the British textile industry — and its unions — are indeed considerable. But the government's belief in unfettered market forces, combined with its refusal to argue with the EEC over anything more substantial than the budget contribution, is a major impediment to doing any of the things which might give the industry a secure future.

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[1]Protection of the British Textile Industry, Caroline Miles, in *Public Assistance to Industry*, Macmillan, for the Trade Policy Research Centre 1976.

[2]Pan, 1973; [3]Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1970

[4]Finance and Profitability of the Wool Textile Industry 1972/3-1976/7 (February 1979).

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Americans find a place in the sun

Side by side with the presidential election a political struggle is taking place over the results of the 1980 US census, which shows a huge shift of population to the 'sunbelt'. On 25 September a federal judge in Detroit found a constitutional violation in the under-counting of minority groups, and invalidated the census until the government corrects the problem. CLAUDIA WRIGHT reports.

LATE IN AUGUST, the House of Representatives was debating an Appropriations Bill which included a measure to provide $1.8 billion for grants to help low-income households with their fuel bills. The money was to go to the states, then be handed on to eligible recipients, so state governments had a big stake in the allocation formula. The original Bill favoured states with high costs of fuel to heat homes in winter. However, Congressman Roybal of California moved an amendment that would have spread the money more widely over the country by making low-income households eligible for grants to run fans and airconditioners as well as boilers and central heaters.

A sharp debate ensued and the amendment was narrowly defeated, by 215 votes to 199. For Roybal and airconditioning for the poor were Representatives of 20 states from Alabama to Hawaii where summers are long and hot — in short the sun belt. Voting against Roybal and for central heating were almost all the other states, known collectively as the snow belt. Party alignment made no difference at all. Congressman Alexander of Arkansas, noting that his state stood to gain $2.4 million from the amendment, argued this wasn't the point. Many more people died from heat wave conditions than from cold — 1,200 in 23 states this past June and July:

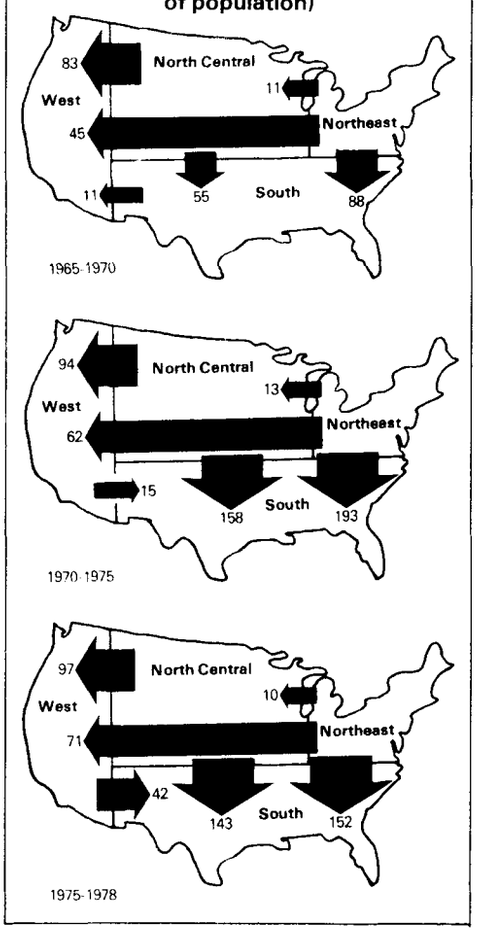
> The cost of cooling should be figured into the distribution formula. If the programme is simply a callous political response to the special interest pressures brought by the most densely populated of our states, which are at present in the snowbelt, then we are . . . thoroughly trampling the American tradition of fair play.

Alexander lost, but he knows this is likely to be one of the last hurrahs of the increasingly enfeebled snow belt in Congress. The fight that is brewing over the results of the 1980 census illustrates why.

DURING THE SUMMER, preliminary figures from the 1980 census were issued by the Census Bureau to cities and towns across the United States. They were then given ten days to review the estimates and report back. The figures confirmed what had long been predicted. The dense concentration of population in the old cities of the snow belt is diminishing rapidly. In New York State, Rochester lost more than 23 per cent of its population between 1970 and 1980. New York City's estimate was put at 6.8 million, down a million since 1970 (a loss of 13 per cent), and the first time the population had slipped below 7 million since the Depression. Baltimore lost 18.6 per cent of its population, Pittsburgh 21 per cent, Boston 21 per cent, Hartford (Connecticut) between 20 and 25 per cent. In a survey taken by the US Conference of Mayors in early August, 56 out of 79 cities surveyed claimed significant undercounts by the census.

INTERREGIONAL POPULATION SHIFTS

(annual averages per 1,000 of population)



Sources: Brian J. L. Berry and Donald C. Dahmann, "Population Redistribution in the United States in the 1970s," Population and Development Review, 3 (4), Dec. 1977, p. 458, and Geographic Mobility: March 1975 to March 1978. *CPR, p.20, No. 331, Nov. 1978*

These also included many sun belt cities, which have disputed census returns on the number of blacks and Hispanics — groups which have always been underestimated because they are unreachable through the mails, because they are illiterate or afraid to fill out the forms, or because census takers are unable to find them at home or unwilling to enter houses or apartments to identify the occupants. According to Census Bureau figures, at least 8 per cent of the nation's blacks were not counted in 1970.

Officially no-one disputes the undercount of the urban poor, but since the Census Bureau believes the proportion of blacks and Hispanics uncounted has probably stayed the same over the decade, their concern is with the newer, more dramatic losses of the north-eastern and mid-western metropolises. In contrast to their population declines, there has been rapid growth in the suburbs and in the non-metropolitan or rural areas. What this pattern of population movement does, when confirmed by the census, is to compel the redrawing of Congressional district boundaries, changing Congressional strengths, tipping the balance of votes in favour of the southern and western sun belt region for the first time. The shift in population between states also forces a reallocation of Electoral College votes (each state is represented by a number of electors corresponding to the total number of its House Representatives, plus two corresponding to its Senate seats). By the next presidential election, it is estimated that New York will have lost four seats (down 10 per cent), Pennsylvania two, Illinois two, and Ohio two. On the other hand, Texas, California and Florida will each have gained two. In closely fought presidential races, these could easily provide the margin for victory.

It will take time for the 1980 census results to shift votes on the Hill and in presidential races, but one result with almost immediate impact will be the shift of federal funds flowing out of Washington according to allocation formulae that must reflect the population count. At stake is a total of at least $50 billion in federal funds, and for both potential losers and winners — cities and states — the census count is a more significant political risk right now than any other political contest.

New York, Baltimore and Chicago are already involved in law suits against the Census Bureau. This month, a judge ordered the impoundment of census records at district offices in New York, to give the city time to check preliminary counts against their own efforts. These are being pushed by the offer of a bounty on each new head that can be counted.

Manoeuvres like these may produce improved figures for the snow belt cities — Rochester managed to find an additional 14,502 inhabitants after spending $80,000 in search and bounty money — but they will lead to improved totals in the sun belt cities too. New Orleans, for example, is claiming an undercount of between 50,000 and 100,000, Phoenix 99,000, San Antonio and San Juan between 100,000 and 125,000 each. The bounty hunt for the urban underclass is likely to end up showing exactly the same trend as the official count. The table illustrates who will win and who will lose.

LIKE THE VOTE on the Roybal amendment, the fight over the census divides the states and cities, but not the political parties, down a rough weatherline. In Montesquieu's time, the political and economic character of a people or a place appeared to depend on the physical

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influence of the climate. The colder it was, the more industrious and progressive the people. Sunshine and muggy weather made for a certain slovenliness among the natives that ill-fitted them for modern civilization.

In the American case, the weatherline is not so much a distinction between climates or characters — it is hot and cold and there are uncivilized natives on both sides — as the border between the old industrial economy, based on old technologies, unionised labour, and expensive land, and the new post-industrial economy. For the latter cheap land, cheap (non-union) labour, and government-subsidised capital and technology are necessities which the political forces of the sun belt are attempting to protect or capture from the lagging competition north of the line.

In practice, the Congress will probably compromise on the allocation formulae for grants so as to safeguard most of the big losers on the 1980 census from actual financial loss. The sun belt will be able to gain, but only if the budget is expanded to accommodate the extra demands for money. Pressures — largely inspired by sun belt Congressmen in the past four years — to cut down federal spending and balance the budget will compel a reduction of programme expenditures with least value to the sun belt. These include job training for youth, special unemployment benefits, rehabilitation of central cities, petrol rationing, and subsidisation of railways, undergrounds and public bus services. What the sun belt wants to see — and will have the power to vote in their place — are higher farm price supports, subsidised capital costs and tax write-offs for new ventures, cheap water, power and highways, and 'states' rights' — a devilishly simple demand that would reserve discretion for the allocation of federal expenditures to local state houses where power is still in the hands of a comfortable elite. At that level the black and Hispanic underclass have no organisation, and poor whites, without unions, can only turn to the Ku Klux Klan.

The predominance of the sun belt in Congress has important implications for American foreign policy. There is no longer the ethnic tie connecting the sun belt suburbanite to his old world roots. Instead, there is a highly articulate sense of how American prosperity depends on the rest of the world's disadvantage, if not misery. Sun belt constituents tell their representatives that oil in Saudi Arabia is as American as oil in Texas, and they are prepared to vote to have an army of northern blacks spring from bases in Egypt, Turkey, and Somalia to grab it. The same constituents will not trade away Spanish-speaking territory that they have come to regard as their personal property almost as much as they imagine they own their cleaning ladies and the gardeners whose recent arrival from Mexico ensures that wages remain comfortably low.

If traditional American liberalism, at home and abroad, depends on the political power of the snow belt's cities, it is looking more and more like an anachronism — a historical coincidence between the numerical preponderance of the northern cities, the effectiveness of their labour movements, and the hundred-year advantage that victory in the Civil War provided. All this is now passing, almost gone.

Counting the cost of demographic change 1970-80

The figures show which states would have gained and lost the most from a (hypothetical) $1 billion federal programme in which allocation was based entirely on the measurement of population.

	States		Big Cities	
Biggest Winners	Arizona	(+33% change)	San Jose	(+50% change)
	Florida	(+30% change)	Austin	(+46% change)
	Alaska	(+26% change)	Houston	(+43% change)
	Nevada	(+24% change)	Charlotte	(+39% change)
	Colorado	(+17% change)	El Paso	(+37% change)
Biggest Losers	Washington DC	(−17% change)	Cleveland	(−22% change)
	New York	(−10% change)	Minneapolis	(−19% change)
	Pennsylvania	(−8% change)	St. Louis	(−17% change)
	Ohio	(−8% change)	Buffalo	(−17% change)
	Illinois	(−7% change)	Newark	(−17% change)

Capital's crisis and workers' control

Tom Schuller writes: Wanted: more investment and more life in the economy. Not wanted: a further concentration of wealth and power. Can we have one without the other? This was the central issue put before a collection of politicians, trade unionists and researchers brought together in Stockholm last month to discuss the theme 'Capital and Economic Democracy'.

The conference — sponsored by the AIC, an organisation formed within the Swedish labour movement to reinforce discussion and action across frontiers — considered how to reconcile several crucial but diverse objectives: ensuring a supply of capital to meet bsuiness needs, equalising the distribution of wealth, keeping income differentials within reasonable bounds and increasing wage-earner influence — all this in the face of the growing crisis in the Western economies. As one of the background papers put it:

> *Dynamic industrial capitalism seems to be changing its address.* Back in Western Europe, private capital is salvaging what remains by hard-nosed rationalisation. This is not something that wage-earners can stand idly back and watch. To save their own jobs and prosperity, they are bound to try — perhaps by assuming responsibility themselves — to create a dynamic economy.

'Economic democracy' is a phrase that rings oddly in most British ears. To some it suggests individual profit-sharing, such as schemes supported by Mrs Thatcher, the Chairman of the Stock Exchange and others. But a wholly different approach relates it to alternative ways of democratising the control of capital through collective participation in capital formation and growth. The key feature of economic democracy is its attempt to tie together within a single strategy progress towards the several objectives mentioned above, instead of treating them separately; otherwise action taken in pursuit of increased investment, for example, can sabotage attempts to redistribute wealth and power at the workplace.

The most common idea is for a percentage of profits be to be paid in the form of shares into a fund controlled by representatives of the workforce together with governmental or other public representatives. Companies need not lose the use of the capital, but the benefits of successful economic performance are removed from the owners of capital alone, and the nature of the investment itself also comes under more democratic control — increasingly so as the funds mount up and acquire a higher percentage of total stock. The behaviour of capital can thus be made more accountable and stable, and its yields used for more social purposes such as the training of workers or cultural activities.

Concrete proposals along these lines (the so-called Meidner plan) have been under active consideration in Sweden for some time and played a part in the 1976 election results. But Sweden has no monopoly on the idea. The Danish and Dutch have developed similar ideas.

In Stockholm the French delegates, from the CFDT and from the Parti Socialiste, took the line that they were not interested in managing capitalism — especially in its current, flagrantly degenerate, condition. The Italians, on the other hand, were not so ideologically opposed; they, like the American trade unionists present, were particularly interested in the related issue of the control of the capital tied up in pension funds. Others — including Gunnar Myrdal — expressed doubts as to how important control of private industrial capital really is: after all, it represents only a small percentage of total capital (i.e. agricultural, state and municipal, consumption capital such as houses). The problem of multinationals loomed large, always unresolved. Nor did the conference ever really get to grips with the techniques which might help determine new types of investment. But many such arguments — like for example the attitude towards profit levels and income distribution — are never heard in the British Labour movement.

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London Diary

☐Postponement of Lord Carrington's China junket appears the least resonant of the Gulf war's repercussions. Still, one further step towards the corruption of language may in consequence be delayed. Last week's Whitehall briefing for the hacks who will (eventually) accompany Carrington revealed that, in FO minds, the lack of large policy issues would leave space for 'nut and bolt' issues to be discussed. Such as? Well, getting China to be 'more sympathetic' about the illegal immigrants who keep pouring into Hong Kong from the mainland, making life so awkward for the governor and his chaps. In FO language, of course, a dreadful human dilemma readily metamorphoses into a nut and a bolt: but there is worse to come. Of those who make the dangerous crossing, many perhaps seek no more than access to the material comforts of the West. But some of them, surely, have 'chosen freedom' (as we still say around the Berlin Wall)? Given that, just how sympathetic would the FO like the Chinese to be? 'Oh', said the spokesman, 'nothing too draconian'.

☐Last Ditch Day at the Reform Club, it seems, is to be 26 November, when an Extraordinary General Meeting has been summoned to settle the matter of admitting women to membership. Or not. Theoretically, it's a non-issue, because the constitution says nothing about sex: a precaution no doubt thought otiose in 1840. Practically, there's a solid block of academics and civil servants who, if bold words mean anything, are ready to quit upon the issue. Quite recently, a civil servant explained to me that, with liberation on the move in Whitehall, clubmanship was becoming utterly critical. Women were now getting into meetings in considerable numbers, and the only way to circumvent them was to spin it out till lunchtime, adjourn, and fix the voting over an all-male lunch.

The fight will thus be deadly, but a ballot among the membership has already shown a majority in favour of change. The motivations of people who could wish, in the first place, to join monosexual institutions have always been just outside my grasp, like Tory Democracy or the principles of Scientology. Therefore, I cannot undertake to predict the result. One informant muttered something about 'a good old British compromise', which will surely lead to a rather peculiar membership in traditional Pall Mall terms.

☐ Looking at Duncan Campbell's disclosures (page 5) about the way our defence establishment conceives the Third World War, I recall a long talk I once had with the physicist Robert Frisch. The era of nuclear weaponry was begun by the intuitive cogency of the 'Frisch-Peierls Memorandum', for in 1940 (secretly) it convinced a decisive majority of decisive people that uranium fission — the process delineated by Frisch and his aunt Lise Meitner — could, after all, be used in a bomb. This reversed the publicly-known judgment of Niels Bohr, Frisch's great teacher, who had said that fission could *not* be explosive. Thus the process leading to Hiroshima was set accurately in train.

Frisch never doubted that Bohr's mind was greater than his own, and he quoted to me a maxim of Bohr's: 'What is important is not how the world is, but how we as physicists choose to think about it'. I don't think it farfetched to say that Bohr chose to think about the world in such a way as to exclude the construction of a uranium bomb: and Frisch and Peierls only chose to think differently under pressure of the terrible (mistaken) fear that the German scientists might be capable of envisaging atomic weapons for Hitler. Wretchedly, defence planners and deterrence theorists seem to believe you can think about the world with impunity, in any old way you like: that one can conceive the world as a site for nuclear holocaust without any penalty in the way of making such a development less improbable. 'Beware how you interpret the world, for it may be like that', wrote Erich Heller. He was a literary critic, not a physicist, but the warning should be hung over every desk in the Ministry of Defence.

☐To Blackpool to speak at the Campaign for Press Freedom's meeting, reflecting once again on the absurdity of the standard Fleet Street position, which equates 'freedom' with a mere vacuum of regulation — a vacuum which allows British capitalism to indulge to the full its penchant for monopoly, centralisation and market-rigging. Most of my friends in television have a healthy suspicion of the IBA. And we've had our own brushes with it, especially this year when they censored a secret-service exposé Duncan Campbell did with Granada. Equally, though, I don't know anyone in television who doubts that commercial TV is basically less crooked, more democratic, and indeed more free than the commercial newspaper system — and the reason is that the IBA provides some regulatory counterbalance against the more oppressive and self-destructive manifestations of capitalism. (The customers, with their usual good sense, have divined this: you can sum up the results of survey research by saying that the public extends a cautious modicum of trust to television reporting, and correctly views the national newspapers as propaganda sheets.) Only because they are *newspapers* can national assets like the *Observer, The Times* and the *Sunday Times* be tossed about by transnational corporations whose intentions remain as poorly-defined as their industrial competence. If it happened with paintings, even Tories would be saying, look here, wait a minute. Paintings matter, to be sure. But it's also necessary to preserve some liberty of expression, which capitalism unregulated certainly will not do: freedom, as the television example shows, is something more complicated than property rights.

☐ Rob Edwards, a contributor of ours, and delegate from Edinburgh Central, was the man who put the anti-nuclear power resolution to Conference. His early visiting-list for the day in question neatly illuminates the political situation inside the miners' union.

The first visitor was Joe Gormley, pressing Rob with much eloquence to remit the motion, because after all the National Executive was going to conduct an inquiry into the matter. Being mandated, Gormley would have to vote for it . . . but couldn't Rob agree to let the pressure off? Next came Arthur Scargill: Rob should take a high profile, and move the resolution, win or lose. This he did, losing by 2.3 million or so to 4 million, but enabling Scargill to make a fine, rousing anti-nuclear speech (of appeal to the left in the NUM). It should be recognised as a rule of Labour politics that it is always better to put a resolution and lose — recovery from that is possible — than remit in favour of an NEC inquiry — after which the issue will always be so muddied that nobody will be able to understand it either way.

☐A nasty aspect of Labour's discourse is the energy devoted to labelling people as 'social democrats' and 'democratic socialists', with hooray or boo being appended according to allegiance. Bluntly, a social democrat is a socialist seeking to procure change by means which are lawful and electorally acceptable. Otherwise, you're a revolutionary: an honourable title, so long as it isn't adopted lightly, or exploited for its macho appeal. Almost without exception, the Labour movement is peopled by social democrats. And, while it's no disgrace to be lacking in that twist of bitter fibre which — given circumstance — makes a revolutionary, it is disgraceful to play around with names which are laden with history and with sacrifice as though they meant no more than slogans for a football club, or nicknames for public schools.

☐A most extraordinary tale, rivalling that of Chicken Licken, reaches me from the corridors and rest-rooms of County Hall. George Tremlett, a chubby chap who turns out instant books about pop stars and who is also Tory chairman of the Greater London Council housing committee, was chatting the other day with David Hencke, the admirable planning correspondent of the *Guardian*. Hencke heatedly told Tremlett that he objected to the atmosphere of violence which he had noticed since the Tories' general election victory: Britain under the monetarists, he said, was the sort of place where, say, Michael Heseltine's daughter could get kidnapped any day. The two men parted, but when Hencke returned to the *Guardian* office later that day he found himself greeted by some gents from Special Branch: what were his movements for the past few days, could they have his fingerprints, and so on. It transpired that the loyal Tremlett had urgently rung the Department of the Environment and told them that the planning correspondent of the *Guardian* intended to kidnap one of Heseltine's daughters, and a red alert had been sounded. After reasoning with the rozzers for some time, a bemused Hencke was let off. A thought strikes me: would we all be dead by now if someone had jokingly informed Tremlett or Heseline that the Russians were landing at Tilbury docks?

Bruce Page

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ The membership of EXIT, the voluntary euthanasia society (suicide club) now stands at nine thousand against the SWP's four thousand, a truly sad reflection of the state of the world and the effectiveness of socialist propaganda. — Letter in *Socialist Worker* (W.Pugh)

☐ Col. Iremonger saw the new party as occupying the Right spectrum of contemporary British politics. That would inherit the mantle once held by the Tories, who had gone 'too far to the Left'. — *Guardian* (Shalini Waran)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

White gold

From Michael Shersby, Director-General of the British Sugar Bureau

I am sad to see a respected political weekly publish such a disjointed and inaccurate article as that on sugar (NS 19 September). I know that it has given great offence to workers who have spent their lives in the sugar industry. Perhaps, therefore, I may seek the courtesy of your columns to reply to just some of Ms Wright's points.

She is critical of the sugar content of a number of well-known foods but does she not realise that if sugar were eliminated from manufacturers' recipes, the range of foods available would be drastically reduced? The shelf life of many products would be too short to make their production economic and we should be plunged back into an age when processed foods would no longer be available. Without processed food (70 per cent of all the food we eat today is processed in some way), it would be impossible to supply Britain's population with more than a very restricted selection of foods.

As for sugar's supposed effects on health, one can only marvel that there is anyone left walking about today! Is Ms Wright aware that the allegation that a high consumption of sugar is an important factor in the causation of coronary disease (which is contained in Dr Yudkin's book to which she refers) has been considered by a joint working party of the Royal College of Physicians and the British Cardiac Society? Its report (April 1976) stated: 'At present there is no firm evidence linking intake of dietary sugar and coronary heart disease.' The Report of the House of Commons Select Committee also rejected the sugar theory. Reactive hypoglycaemia is unusual except under experimental conditions and among people who have had stomach operations.

I must also refute most emphatically Ms Wright's assertion that the information in our leaflets is 'summed up in one disgraceful lie: "sugar is an important part of the balanced diet"'. It is a matter of indiputable fact that sugar is an important part of the balanced diet because it supplies a significant proportion of the carbohydrate calories which are essential. It is easily absorbed and enables the body to replace lost energy quickly.

Finally, I must comment on her statement that 'The British Sugar Bureau, nonetheless, gets away with a startling barrage of disinformation . . . in its film *Take One Baby*'. The film was produced in 1968 under the aegis of the British Nutrition Foundation, whose then Director-General, the late Professor A.C. Frazer, was one of the scientific advisers appointed by the Foundation to ensure that the film was ethical and factually accurate. The film has been widely used and rebooked by the same people year after year and, apart from Ms Wright, there has not been one single complaint about its scientific impartiality.

140 Park Lane, London W 1

From John McLean

There was a startling omission in the article on sugar concerning the role of the trade union movement in the sugar industry, particularly in the last eight years. Since the UK joined the EEC, the trade unions have fought to maintain the industry, not only because of the dreadful consequences of being without a job in a place like Liverpool, but because it was recognised that the responsibility for maintaining life itself in many underdeveloped countries was theirs.

It is equally strange that there is no reference to Australia which supplies approximately 500,000 tons of raw sugar annually to the UK on the basis of having only white field workers, equipped with modern machinery, and enjoying reasonable living standards. These workers provided the standard to aim for. While it may be admirable to dream of the distant day when hydro-carbon fuels are replaced by sugar-based ones, the fact is that the problems of the workers in the sugar industry are here and now.

Tate & Lyle North West Trade Union Committee, 18 Love Lane, Liverpool

From Maria Elena Hurtado, Assistant Director

I missed in Hannah Wright's report any reference to the badly-needed reform of the EEC's lavish sugar policy. The fact is that the EEC produces over three million tonnes of sugar over what it actually consumes. Until last year it was dumping this sugar in the world markets. EEC sugar exports so depressed world sugar prices that Third World producers were forced to sell their sugar below production costs.

The EEC Commission proposed to cut the sugar grown under guaranteed prices by one million tonnes. But then the price of sugar shot up and no decision was taken. The commission now hopes that the new sugar beet regime for 1981-1986 can be agreed by 1 November, but this seems unlikely. If no decision is made by then, planting will start.

High sugar prices are no excuse for failing to agree on the cutbacks proposed by the Commission. An increase in sugar beet production in the EEC will only contribute to yet another price slump and oversupply. Britain should contribute to the reduction of the EEC sugar surplus, something which the British Sugar Corporation seems reluctant to do. If prices drop it will become unprofitable for the BSC to export sugar and there will not be room in the British market for both the BSC's sugar and the 1.3m tonnes of cane sugar imported from the African, Caribbean and Pacific countries. Britain has a special responsibility towards the Commonwealth sugar producers. Commonwealth nations are already extremely angry with Britain's aid cuts and with the fact that the UK boycotted the launching of global negotiations at the recent UN Special Session on Development. ACP countries consider cut-backs in EEC sugar production essential to preserving a secure market for cane sugar.

World Development Movement, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC 2

True justice

From Andrew Erlam, Assistant Director

Prison Governor Roger Attrill's comments (NS 19 September) are welcome. If we are to break out of our inhumane penal policy, a strategy of reforms needs to be implemented. Firstly, prisoners should have minimum legal rights to basic accommodation. Secondly, prison should not be seen as the centrepiece of our penal system. Numerous alternative sanctions, such as Community Service Orders, have been pioneered here and abroad recently. However, a range of alternatives will not be available to every court in the country unless the Government *decides* to launch a programme making them available. Thirdly, it needs to be recognised that the criminal justice system could be a part of an over-all strategy for social justice. Is it a coincidence that a third of people discharged from prison are homeless? Why are unjust laws (e.g. the Vagrancy Act) not repealed? What social and economic policies should be promoted to reduce crime? The policies of the Labour Party differ very little in practice from those of the Tories. Will the next Labour Government do better than the last one and actually implement a radical penal reform policy?

Howard League for Penal Reform, 169 Clapham Road, London SW 9

Death to the working class

From T.D. Hunter (Secretary, Scottish Health Service Planning Council)

Anna Coote concludes her article on the Black Report (NS 12 September) by referring to the report's recommendation that policy on housing, employment and other factors which affect health should be coordinated at Cabinet level, with an independent Health Development Council to play a key advisory and planning role. Your readers may be interested to know that such a council has existed in Scotland since 1974. A body set up by statute, the Scottish Health Service Planning Council has a secretary (myself) recruited from the NHS and an independent chairman (Professor E. M. McGirr CBE; Dean of the Faculty of Medicine at Glasgow University). Through its Programme Planning and Advisory Groups, the Planning Council, which reports directly to the Secretary of State, and not just to the Scottish Home and Health Department, has concentrated its efforts on an across-the-board effort to bring together health, housing, employment, education and other policies affecting health, in specific areas of concern — e.g. the elderly, the mentally ill and mentally handicapped, vulnerable families, the elderly with mental disability, cancer services, cardiac surgery, the services for children and adolescents with developmental difficulties, perinatal mortality etc. A report from the Working Party on Health Priorities, which has now been submitted through the Council to the Secretary of State, recommends a 'package' of guidelines for the 1980s.

This appears to be the kind of Council which the Black Report envisages and which the Welsh Office is now in process of establishing. The SHSPC reports annually to Parliament. Copies of these Reports are on sale in Government bookshops.

Trinity Park House, South Trinity Road, Edinburgh

Talking of Friedman

From Colin Welch, Deputy Editor

My attention has just been drawn (literally, because I was away at the time) to Mr Christopher Hitchens's idiotic attack on the *Daily Telegraph*, in which my name is mentioned (NS 12 September). Mr Hitchens thinks Professor Friedman 'utterly chronic' (*sic*) but nonetheless says he would not attack him on the grounds of his Jewishness. 'The *Daily Telegraph*', he proclaims, 'is not so fastidious.' Oh yes it is. In the leader to which he refers (but which he surely cannot have read), we did not attack Professor Friedman *at all*. On the contrary, we *defended* him against those who dismiss his 'doctrinaire advice' as coming from 'a foreign Jew'. Whatever anti-Semitism there is here is clearly not ours or mine.

At my age and with my known friends and opinions, it cannot be agreeable to have it slyly put about, whether from malice or ignorance, that I am some sort of anti-Semite or move in anti-Semitic 'circles'. It is consoling to me that no-one who knows either me or Mr Hitchens will believe a word of it.

The Daily Telegraph, 135 Fleet Street, London EC 4

Resettling the boat people?

From Jeanne Townsend

In response to Mr Viet Lazarus's letter (NS 26 September), I would like to say that we regret we cannot discuss decisions to employ or not to employ applicants wishing to work on our Vietnamese Refugee Programme.

The employment of ESL teachers for the Vietnamese in Reception Centres is in the hands of the Local Education Authorities. Again, when the refugees are settled in towns and villages throughout the UK, the continued teaching of English is carried out by the LEAs, according to the facilities in the area, which may embrace the employment of professionals or recruitment of competent volunteers. We suggest that, if Mr Lazarus wishes to work in this field, he should contact the LEA in the area where he would like to work.

BCAR, 35 Great Peter Street, London SW 1

The power of the waves

From Peter Taylor

The allegation that the CEGB has put pressure on the Department of Energy to reduce research on wave power (NS 5 September) is quite wrong. The Board's job is to produce electricity efficiently from the best sources available to it at any point in time, and it fully supports the programme of research and development into renewable energy sources such as wave-power. Indeed, the Board's own wave-power programme is very much alive.

Central Electricity Generating Board, Sudbury House, 15 Newgate Street, London EC 1

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Enter singing

Regular readers have very good reason to know, for I have now been happily rattling on about them as and when occasion allowed for nearly five years, that my love of, and loyalty to, musicals of the past are unassailable (I'm not quite so keen on some of the newer products that seem to be so sadly devoid of what used to be called 'romance'). If you care to have 'We'll Gather Lilacs' played at my funeral, it will be quite all right with me, though I shall hardly be well placed for complaining, but in fact my first choice would really be 'Tea For Two'. However, a vicar might think this too frivolous for such a solemn moment, with the mental pictures that the lyrics might conjure up of hot buttered toast and cucumber sandwiches and Earl Grey and 'do let me squeeze the pot for you'. If asked which of the world's great events I would most have liked to witness, and given a choice of Coronation of Elizabeth I, The Last Supper, Execution of Louis XVI and Mr Heath's cheery bangers and beer party at No 10 for those union leaders ('Come, let me recharge your tankard, Transport and General Workers'), I have to confess that I would brush them all aside and settle for the first night of *The Arcadians* (April 28th, 1909, I hardly need to remind you, and at the charming Shaftesbury Theatre, the *old* one and not the current usurper of that hallowed name).

In old-fashioned musical plays dealing with events in some unlikely middle-European country (Boldonia), I was always very fond of the scene, set well down-stage to enable the glories of 'The Market Square at Festa Time' to be erected and hung behind, in which the Grand Duchess Zaza, a lot of whose dialogue is going to rely rather heavily on the letter 'z' and who plainly is quite unaware of the useful linguistic services available at the Berlitz Schools of Languages at 321 Oxford Street, is wishful to give advice to a young girl newly arrived at the Boldonian court and summons to her boudoir ('Zit down, *ma petite*') pretty little Mélodie Metterling. Well, you have to call a heroine *something* and the name Mélodie at least alerts the public to the fact that she is, and any minute now, going to sing fairly loudly. Mélodie has rashly lost her heart to a penniless strolling musician, Igor, with a very fine tenor voice and the two best numbers in the show, 'The Way of Man with Maid' and a robust drinking song 'Drain We Our Bumpers'.

And so, at the interview the Grand Duchess lets fly with 'Zis yong man, Igor, vot do you know of eeem?', at which harsh question Mélodie blushes becomingly. Zaza sighs. 'Zese yong men, zey are all ze same.' Mélodie mantles anew. 'Zey lov you for a day, zey take vot you 'av to give, and zen POUFFE, zey are gone.' Let me here say a hasty and reassuring word about that loud interjection, POUFFE, which now possesses a modern signification with which I do not propose here to deal. But in the good old theatrical days of which we are speaking, the explosive word POUFFE was constantly on the lips of middle-European duchesses and was accepted as indicating somebody or something that had suddenly vanished in a cloud, or puff, of smoke. The present day signification, with which we do not propose to deal here, does not indicate anything vanishing at all. *Au contraire*, if your frog will stretch to it.

Anyhow, the Duchess, observing that she is making no headway at all with proud little Mélodie, says something dismissive such as 'Very vell, zen. Lov eeem, liv viz eeem, but for pity's sake, my child, do not marry eeem!' Zaza then rises and moves a few feet nearer the conductor, preparatory to croaking out, in a cracked voice and with the lights mercifully lowered, her only number in the piece, a rambling account of her own disastrous love life and called 'Zere iz Nozzing Left', after which there is a partially successful blackout in which dim figures can be seen darting on and speedily removing the Duchess's chaise-longue. Then the lights come suddenly and excitingly up and behold, we are in the Market Square with crazed Boldonian villagers rushing in, singing violently and jigging vigorously up and down in a manner that can only be called unbridled. But it is, after all, Festa Time.

The three composers of musical plays who did as much as anybody to sever the profitable but out-of-date ties with Europe's merry widows and Counts of Luxembourg, were all American; Kern, Gershwin and Rodgers. There are some who would make a quartet out of this dazzling trio and include Cole Porter, but that clever chap, though a brilliant lyricist, has always seemed to me to be musically just one rung lower down on the lofty ladder. If invited to play the balloon game (running out of gas, balloon plunges earthwards and so which two of the three occupants would you expel, with a cry of *bon voyage*, from the basket in order to gain altitude and save the life of the third) with these three geniuses one would be in every sort of sad difficulty. Spare a sorrowing thought here for Gershwin, and indeed for ourselves, for he died at the wretchedly early age of 38, denying the world who knows what abundance of melodious hits. It is Gershwin's name that one primarily associates with a highly distinguished pair of performers who had been juvenile vaudeville dancers and who had come up the hard way. When they appeared in Philadelphia in November 1922, in a merry musical called *The Bunch and Judy* (it contained a number called the 'Why-Don't-You-Write-To-Me Blues'), the *Bulletin* complained that they danced too much. You'll want to know their identity. The Astaires, Fred and Adèle (if you never saw the latter, hard luck indeed).

Possibly you are wondering whether by chance I was in Philadelphia on the date mentioned, so let me say at once that, aged 12, I was elsewhere (Hampshire prep school and almost certainly hungry, scratching my chilblains and thinking of José Collins), and let me instantly acknowledge my debt and my encyclopaedic factual grasp to Gerald Bordman's *Jerome Kern, His Life and Music*, published under the august imprint of the Oxford University Press and selling at £9.50, for it was Kern and not Gershwin who was responsible for the meagre delights of *The Bunch and Judy*. But there had been, goodness knows, great days, with *Very Good Eddie*, *The Girl from Utah* and *Leave it to Jane*, and there was, just round the corner, *Sunny*, a musical that, as with *Sally*, starred Marilyn Miller, an enchantingly pretty performer who danced like thistledown and sang like an angel and who had the priceless advantage that she could produce from her baby lips, when wanting to emphasize some point that affected her career, a stream of oaths that alarmed even the hardiest managers.

How agreeable to discover Kern's lifelong affection for this country and its inhabitants, an affection demonstrated by the fact that he plucked a bride from our midst, Eva, daughter of the proprietor of the Swan Hotel at Walton-on-Thames and herself a cockney and born in Lambeth, and together they achieved a durable and happy marriage. And what sort of man was he? Oscar Hammerstein, so often his lyricist, was asked to speak at Jerome Kern's funeral and, between gulps, managed to say that 'Jerry was cute. He was alert and alive. He bounced. He stimulated everyone'. He also gave away large sums of money on the quiet, and he too started the hard way, as accompanist on tour to such Broadway favourites as Marie Dressler. He composed, apparently, quite effortlessly and what American variety newspapers sometimes refer to as 'the toons' simply flowed from him (conscientious Mr Bordman lists literally hundreds of them). The earliest hit, 'How'd You Like To Spoon With Me?', is with us still in memory's chambers.

But back to that balloon. I am afraid that, ghastly though it would be, it is 'So long, Dick' and 'Happy landing, George'. I could not possibly expel from a basket anybody who had composed 'They Didn't Believe Me', 'Look for the Silver Lining' and 'Long Ago and Far Away'.

Roger Woddis

Over the top

'The time has come when you had better stick your heads up and come over the parapet.' — Mrs Shirley Williams.

'Twas shirlig, and the burkey notes
Did wax and wimble in the labe:
All flimsy were the borrowquotes,
And the modcons outfabe.

'Beware the Labourleft, my son!
The laws that bite, the plots that hatch!
Beware the Grabgrab bird, and shun
The bennious Powersnatch!'

She took her gaitscal sword in hand:
With rage the evil foe she fought —
So waffled she for the Gang of Three,
And hardly paused for thought.

And as in rightish mood she stood,
The Labourleft, with eyes of flame,
Came marxing through the wedgy wood,
And chortled as it came!

One, two! One, two! The feathers flew,
While Liblabs praised her girlish guts:
The Slaveypress cried, *'Quelle noblesse!'*
And did their tiny nuts.

'And hast thou slain the Labourleft?
Come to our arms, our dreamish girl!'
'Let's hope and pray — but who can say?'
Replied the hapless Shirl.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Caute

White Knights of Africa

Five years ago Donald Woods, editor of East London's *Daily Dispatch,* travelled to Pretoria to call on General Hendrik van den Bergh. 'He was an unusually tall man . . . with an alert expression and a pleasant, smiling manner . . .' The boss of BOSS then told Woods how the Afrikaans poet Breyten Breytenbach had been arrested 'for conspiring to organise subversive resistance to apartheid through an organisation called Okhela'. On the following day Woods visited Minister of Justice Jimmy Kruger, who was in an affable mood: 'Oh, how we caught Breyten Breytenbach was a treat'. Two years later the affable Kruger announced that Woods's friend Steve Biko had died while on hunger strike, then slapped a banishment order on Woods when he dared to challenge this lie in print. Woods disguised himself as a priest and fled the country; Breytenbach remains in Cape Town jail. Biko, being black, is dead.

Although both are chess players — white knights of anti-apartheid — Woods and Breytenbach have little else in common. In style their books are poles apart. Breytenbach's *A Season in Paradise* recounts a three-month visit to his native land, following 12 years of exile in Paris, with the elaborate self-consciousness of an avant-garde prize-winner who had become the golden boy of the Sestiger movement in Afrikaans literature. Woods, reporter and syndicated columnist, a mere artisan of the written word, has set about telling an enthralling story as simply, directly and accessibly as possible.

When not wilfully obscure or impenetrable, Breytenbach, on the other hand, tends to carry elaborate irony to the point of overkill. Here he recalls how he was invited to address the pupils of the new Afrikaner high school in the West Cape village where he himself had been educated:

> Well, I really got down to business, and having rigged a blanket across the window to create the necessary air of conspiracy and subversion . . . I carefully built a portable barricade with a red flag on one corner and a black one on the other . . .

Donald Woods's family have lived in the Eastern Cape since 1820. Pro-British, devoted to the Empire, Cecil Rhodes and cricket, his father was a fierce partisan of the Allied cause during the last war. Fluent in Xhosa from his earliest years, Donald Woods grew up in the Transkei among the Bomvana tribesmen who called him Zweliyanyikima — 'the world shakes'. But even though his father drank regular sundowners with the Bomvana elders, he passed on to his children racialistic attitudes only marginally distinguishable from those of the hated Afrikaner Nationalists who, by and large, had leaned towards Hitler. When Woods set out for Cape Town to begin his apprenticeship as an articled clerk, he had nothing but contempt for 'Kaffirboeties' — nigger lovers.

His conversion was achieved by stages: right up to Steve Biko's death he clung to the hope of peaceful, evolutionary change. I suspect that the key to Woods is existential rather than intellectual; a natural fighter, he was radicalised out of a series of increasingly raw confrontations with the massively repressive apartheid machine.

He was only 31 when he was appointed editor of the *Daily Dispatch* in 1965. By a combination of sheer audacity and charm he won himself an extraordinary respect from Balthazar Johannes Vorster. 'Tell me', said the Prime Minister, 'why are you so cheeky?' On another occasion Vorster summoned him and asked: 'Tell me, if you had a teenage daughter old enough to go out at night, would you allow her to go to a multi-racial pop session?' The respect that Woods commanded not only in East London but throughout English-speaking South Africa both exasperated and fascinated Vorster: 'You know, if you keep telling people [i.e. the blacks] they are being oppressed they will believe you.'

Woods was smart, a natural wheeler-dealer, and highly conversant with the 20-odd statutes empowering the Government to control the press, close newspapers and jail editors without trial or explanation. His most biting editorials appeared on Saturdays when the Boer Chieftains were on their farms — by the time they reached their Pretoria Ministeries on Monday their rage would have been diverted, hopefully, by the liberal Sunday papers.

Journalism alone could not burn up Woods's abundant energies. Supping and sipping with Afrikaner politicians and Security Police not only flushed out inside stories but satisfied the energies of a man whose appetite for interpreting the world is matched by his desire to change it. But often the spoon was not long enough. Piet Koornhof, who prided himself on his liberalism as Minister of Sport (arguably the most sensitive portfolio in South Africa) invited Woods, as the only white member of the anti-apartheid South African Cricket Board of Control, to lure his Black and Brown colleagues into a deal which would have given the country's image a face-lift. Although aware that Koornhof aimed to take the pressure off apartheid by offering the world token doses of multi-racial sport, Woods believed he could turn the deal the other way and achieve the steady but inexorable erosion of white supremacy.

An equally serious miscalculation was Woods's mission to Switzerland where he hoped to prevent the expulsion of the multi-racial SA Chess Federation from the international body. Not only did Koornhof and van den Bergh support the trip, they even blessed the enterprise with an envelope full of crisp Treasury notes, an act of patronage which Woods thought wise to conceal from his Chess Federation colleagues. Woods recounts these adventures with a blend of pride and repentence — I'm uneasy about the blend.

His campaign to expose the truth about the murder of Steve Biko drove the repulsive Jimmy Kruger to silence him. Arrested at Johannesburg airport (like Breytenbach — it's a favourite spot) he was driven to East London by relays of polite Only Doing Our Jobs with names like Boshoff and Beukes. Said Boshoff, mildly:

> You know, Mr Woods, Biko was your friend and I understand how upset you must feel about the whole business . . . It's terrible that someone dies anyway. But I've been in the Security Police for many years, and I can honestly tell you that I've never seen any beating up or torture . . .

Woods replied that he got his information from the victims, the blacks, 'Ja,' retorted Beukes, driving fast and ignoring all urban speed limits, 'but blacks would say those things, wouldn't they?'

Asking for Trouble by DONALD WOODS *Gollancz* £8.50

A Season in Paradise by BREYTEN BREYTENBACH *Deutsch* £8.50

And Death White as Words by BREYTEN BREYTENBACH *Rex Collings* (1978) £5

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In East London Woods was greeted by Colonel van der Merwe — 'by no means the smiling Colonel van der Merwe of the police rugby club dinner,' for a banning order means this:

> You may speak with one person at a time, not with more than one . . . For the purposes of these restrictions your wife and children are regarded as one person — but not other relatives . . . Furthermore you can only be in a room with one person at a time — even inside your home . . . My men will come into your house at any time of the day or night . . . You are forbidden from now on to write anything . . . and you may not be quoted . . . My men hate you, Mr Woods.

Woods was left in little doubt of that. As Tom Sharpe has slyly intimated, a Boer Bossman on heat will blow up the whole town to prove there are Communist saboteurs at large. On a previous occasion Lieutenants Cilliers and Jooste had spray-canned 'Biko — Commy HQ' on Woods's wall, then fired five shots into the house for good measure. After the banning order took effect, sallow, hatchet-faced Warrant Officer Jan Marais carried the dirty tricks a step further in subtlety, intercepting a Tee-shirt addressed to Woods's little daughter, layering the inside with an acid powder called Ninhydrin, then expediting the parcel. This left the child screaming in agony with purple blotches all over her skin.

The Woods family escaped via Lesotho, but Breytenbach remains incarcerated. Born in 1939 in the small village of Bonnievale in the Western Cape, BB (as I shall call him) left for Europe in 1960, settled in Paris and soon gained the attention of avant-garde literary circles in South Africa. Invited to return to receive a prize, he hit a snag: his Vietnamese-born wife was classified 'non-white' and therefore could not accompany him. In December 1972 they were both granted temporary visas; *A Season in Paradise* — a title reflecting BB's attachment to Rimbaud — was later published in Afrikaans, with certain passages deleted, as a record of his three-month visit.

In August 1975 BB returned to South Africa alone, disguised and carrying a false passport. What he was really up to, says his friend André Brink, remains 'clouded in uncertainty'. Leave it at that. But the Bossmen, naturally, had him in their sights from start to finish. Imprisoned, he seems to have cracked a bit, pleading guilty to some charges in return for the dropping of others. The sentence was nine years. Placed in solitary confinement in Pretoria Central prison, BB attempted to smuggle out poems and letters to Brink and other friends, but once again the whole thing was monitored exultantly. In June 1977 he was brought back to court on a new set of charges, including attempting to mastermind a Russian submarine attack on the prison at Robben Island. He had also contravened the Riotous Assemblies Act by talking to his prison warder.

Judging by Rike Vaughan's translation of what must be a virtually untranslatable Afrikaans text, BB is a much better poet than prose writer. At his best when describing the famished existence of Boer farmers eking a living out of the drought-stricken veld, BB elsewhere shelters behind a series of derivative postures plucked with a vast and vulgar eclecticism from Lorca, Artaud, Neruda, the cadences of negritude, from Lautréamont and Rimbaud, from Hieronymous Bosch and Zen Buddhism. An Afrikaner Beat.

BB seems to regard the racism of the Dutch Reformed Church as a form of anal repression. He consistently farts in its face; in BB the shit is forever hitting the fan. 'Decomposing' is a favourite term, but compare its use (a) in the poem 'Like slaked lime' and (b) in *A Season in Paradise*:

> (a) what do I know of my land and its problems/what of its trees that scorch/(how intensely I could feel)/I don't believe in its future/and I know that its past decomposes in a stench . . .

> (b) We are a bastard people with a bastard language. Our nature is one of bastardy. It is good and beautiful thus. We should be compost, decomposing to be able to combine again in other forms . . .

I sit here, at liberty, criticising the work of a good and brave man who at this momemt languishes, miserable and dispirited, in a prison cell 8,000 miles away. At his best he is a fine poet — and I have learnt something of the rhythm and alliterative power of Afrikaans from the original texts in his volume, *And Death as White as Words*. May you be free soon, Breyten.

Paul Dunbar

A Prisoner

This is my new body
I can't get used to it

Something about the human
He has no fur to hide his hurt
Yellow black puce and livid red

This is the school for learning
What darkness there is
In electric light

In a room not far from the street
I dictated this into an extrovert bone

Get visits from my former self
The old me
But I don't want to see him any more
Around here only soldiers
Are that good-looking

Christopher Hitchens

No Friends

Armenia: The Survival of a Nation by CHRISTOPHER J. WALKER *Croom Helm* £14.95

People Without a Country: The Kurds and Kurdistan edited by Gerard Chaliand *Zed Press* £14.95 & £3.95

Palestine in Perspective by DAVID H. OTT *Quartet* £6.95

In the course of a wrangle about the finer points of the Final Solution, Hitler once asked 'Who does now remember the Armenians?'. It is a commonplace, whenever two or three Kurds are gathered together, to hear the old lament that 'the Kurds have no friends'. The inhabitants of the occupied West Bank and Gaza are denied self-determination in the name of redemption for the Jews. In Beirut, the cultured and flourishing Armenian quarter is subjected to bullying and extortion by the hoplites of a more aggressive Christian sect. In Iraqui Kurdistan, the Israelis briefly made common cause with the Shah and the nationalists, before abandoning those who had trusted them. In 'Judaea and Samaria' the Palestinians are governed by regulations which the Zionist movement once characterised as 'Nazi'.

Of course, the position of any minority group is fraught with such ironies and contradictions. These three Middle Eastern ones enjoy varying degrees of sympathy and understanding in the 'outside world', with the Palestinians drowned in crocodile tears, the Kurds being taken up and then dropped by patron after patron, and the Armenians widely regarded as a lost cause. All three, also, are former beneficiaries of the Ottoman Empire.

Christopher Walker's book is a loving account of ancient Armenia, and of its hideous destruction in modern times. It sets out to rescue the Armenians from the indignity of oblivion, and to show that a recognisable Armenian nation and culture still exists. Walker is passionate — at times almost incandescent — but scholarly. He shows the continuity of Armenia; the indisputable title of its people to the land from which they have been evicted. Surviving waves of conquest from the Arabs, the Mongols and others, and having always to treat with superior thrones and powers, the Armenians retained their distinctive and Christian culture while remaining open to new influences from outside. One of their propagandists and editors, Grigor Ardsruni, wrote in 1872:

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> Yesterday we were an ecclesiastical community, today we are patriots, tomorrow we shall be a nation of workers and thinkers.

It was not to be. Armenia could coexist for a while with both the Tsars and the Sublime Porte. But once the Ottomans began to fear for their decomposing empire, they found a scapegoat ready to hand. Beginning under the Sultans, but continuing under the Young Turks, Eastern Turkey became the scene of the century's first genocide. In consequence, Armenia has almost vanished from the map ('almost', because Soviet Armenia continues to thrive; a lone example of Russian nationality policy deserving gratitude).

In one appalling spasm of paranoia and fanaticism, the dying Turkish empire revenged itself. By the end of 1915, one third of the entire Armenian population had been exterminated. (Sadly, but in terms of imperialism not surprisingly, many of the worst butchers in this period were Kurds.)

Walker writes about this epoch — one can hardly call it an episode — with a tremendous urgency, almost as if he were reporting it as a contemporary nightmare. Consular reports, eyewitness memoirs, local and vernacular sources, all are pressed into service and woven together marvellously. It is hard to read without a sense of outrage, but hard to read, also, without a feeling of respect for the use of evidence. Because Walker does not just show that it happened, he proves, from contemporary archives that it happened as part of a deliberate policy. It is in that sense that Hitler was right to be impressed.

Like the Führer, Ottoman authority had its valuable apologists among the Great Powers. In the last quarter of the 19th century, when Turkey was preparing the conditions for genocide in Bulgaria and Armenia, there was almost no length to which the British Tory leadership would not follow them. Again, one says 'almost' because the alliance between Queen Victoria and the wretched Disraeli did allow of the occasional qualm. The ghastly old queen (Victoria that is) had the nerve to write, in April 1876:

> Hearing as we do all the undercurrent, and knowing as we do that Russia *instigated* this insurrection which caused the cruelty of the Turks, it *ought* to be brought home to Russia, and the world *ought* to know that on *their* shoulders and *not* on *ours* rests the *blood* of the murdered Bulgarians!

Gerard Chaliand's collection of essays of Kurdistan has a more immediate focus and slightly more limited scope. The purpose of this book — admirably set out by Professor Maxime Rodinson in his introduction — is to remind the Left of its international responsibilities. The Kurds, unlike the Armenians, still occupy most of their ancestral territory. But this means that their sovereignty is shared among the governments of Turkey, Iraq, Iran, Syria and the Soviet Union. Not the most propitious arrangement for a people seeking autonomy or independence. The discovery of important oil deposits on Kurdish territory has only aggravated the dependence of their politics on the whims of larger powers.

Since the post-1918 partition of the Middle East, the Kurds have fought against all comers to defend their homes and rights. But, denied access to the sea and split among so many rival states, their position has often seemed hopeless. In Turkey they are deprived of the right to use their own language, and Turkish parties who raise 'the Kurdish issue' are instantly banned. In Iran, they are treated as badly by Khomeini's forces as ever they were under the Shah. In Iraq, a series of revolts have brought them a legalistic 'autonomy' which seems more apparent than real. As Chaliand puts it:

> The Kurdish people have the unfortunate distinction of being probably the only community of over 15 million persons which has not achieved some form of national statehood.

Chaliand's book makes an ideal volume of reference as well as polemic, being divided into convenient chapters on the position of Kurds in each major country. There is also a brief but well-structured history of the Kurdish national movement, and the repeated betrayals which it has experienced at the hands of opportunistic 'friends'.

As Professor Rodinson puts it, discussing the ambiguous attitude of the pro-Arab Left towards the Kurds, 'The Kurds emerge as a people oppressed by the oppressed'. If Israel embarked on the sort of projects which have been used to 'assimilate' the Kurdish people, there would be a storm of outrage and publicity. But this taint of hypocrisy in the attitude of Western radicals cannot excuse Israel's treatment of the Palestinian people living under her rule — and least of all can such treatment be excused on the grounds that Jews have suffered too.

David Ott has written an unusually good book on the details of the Israeli occupation. As a Christian worker in Jerusalem for many years, he acquired a good knowledge of the legal and military detail which underpins annexation. His work is basically a reply to the Begin 'autonomy' proposals, and an exposure of their deceitful and colonial character. In particular, he succeeds in tracing the influence exerted by the 'settler revolt' on the Israeli establishment, and the crazy spiral which has resulted. Policy in one of the world's most critical and sensitive areas is now being determined by a gang of unelected fanatics who hold a supposedly modern government in their thrall. Just as Pan-Turkish mania, having burned out Armenia, is now threatening the fabric of Turkey itself, so the Zionist ultras threaten to bring in the roof on the Jews of Palestine. A nation, as has been well said, cannot be free itself if it oppresses another.

Anne Karpf

Not So Patiently

The Political Economy of Health by LESLEY DOYAL *Pluto* £10 & £4.95
Overseas Doctors in the National Health Service by DAVID SMITH *Heinemann Educational* £12.50
Planners, Politics and Health Services by GREGORY PARSTON *Croom Helm* £10.50
The Ethics of Resource Allocation in Health Care edited by K. M. BOYD *Edinburgh* £5
The NHS: Your Money or Your Life by LESLEY GARNER *Penguin* £1.25
Class Inequality and Health Care by VIVIENNE WALTERS *Croom Helm* £10.50
Anatomy of an Illness as Perceived by a Patient by NORMAN COUSINS *W. W. Norton* £5.75

Until the Sixties and even early Seventies, there were scarcely any radical critics of the NHS. Save for the incipient women's health movement and the odd article in the *New Left Review*, socialists saw 'the health problem' almost entirely in quantitative terms of access and distribution. With excessive mathematical zeal, they totted up figures about private beds, nurses' pay, and hospital building, but didn't pause to question the nature of health care. Like obliging patients, they had swallowed the medical model of illness as biology-gone-wrong, in need of medico-scientific correction.

In the Seventies, Illich burst upon the scene and, along with other critics of professionalism, began to attack the seeping medicalisation of everyday life and medicine as a form of social control. But, while the libertarians were quietly sipping their herb tea, the Tories stole off with their most valuable concept — self-help. So, in the mid-Seventies, when Thomas McKeown and others like him extended the critique of curative, hospital-based medicine, by finally seeing illness as environmentally and socially produced, the Right was there waiting with its ideological counter-blast: victim-blaming. If disease could be conceptualised as a social problem, arising from lifestyle and personal behaviour such as smoking and eating, it was plain that those who became ill were themselves to blame, and the answer was self-help. Most of the health literature is a variant on these themes.

What will the Eighties bring? To indulge in a spot of premature decadalism, it seems as if a revival of interest in political economy as applied to health and illness is under way. and Lesley Doyal's *The Political Economy of Health* is an outstanding contribution to it. Doyal is a Marxist and (some might say 'but') she foregoes both jargon and slogan for rigorous analysis. She is also a feminist, which means she doesn't automatically cry 'class' to the exclusion of sex and race. She has set herself a literally global task: to examine the social production of health and illness and medical care in both Britain and the third world. Her book is a methodical attack on biological and mechanistic approaches to health for, as she says, 'we cannot make sense of patterns of health and illness outside the context of the mode of production in which they occur'. Deploying scrupulous historical analysis, she picks apart the health systems of Britain and East Africa. And it is the very breadth of her canvas which makes her account so compelling, for it enables her to make connections between health and society which would be obscured by a narrow focus on the 'purely medical' — whatever that might be.

Doyal's premise is that science, technology and medicine are bedfellows with the state in its capital accumulation role, and generate ideology. So, in a capitalist society, ill-health is defined in an individualistic way, at the individual point at which it is experienced,

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which conveniently conceals its social and economic origin — although her barrage of tables and statistics testifies to the class differential of illness. She attacks the current orgy of victim-blaming, as exemplified by the Health Education Council's campaign 'Look After Yourself', which lectures on the risks of smoking, not wearing seat-belts, and eating unhealthily, but makes no attempt to understand the causes of such behaviour, or to lay blame at the door of cigarette manufacturers, car manufacturers, government transport policy, or food manufacturers (who refine the bran out of bread, and then sell expensive, packaged bran for the resultant constipation).

As Doyal makes clear, it is no accident that Western medicine is predominantly of the curative, heroic variety:for, if the very production process creates ill-health (producing synthetic food, pollutant chemicals, cigarettes, etc), any prevention programme with a hope in hell of success would have to interfere with the production process itself. Instead, Western medicine actually legitimises production.

> The idea that it is only the doctor who can cure, and the belief that one's mind and body can be separated and treated according to the laws of science, both serve to emphasise the loss of individual autonomy and the feelings of powerlessness so common in other areas of social and economic life.

Doyal is good on women and social control, but her most distinctive work is on Africa. She discredits the popular notion that ill-health and food shortages in the third world are due to 'tropical diseases' or 'population explosion' — all 'natural' climatic or demographic features. On the contrary, people there suffer from under-nutrition rather than malnutrition, and the infectious diseases most prevalent in the ex-colonies present a pattern very similar to that experienced in Europe in the 19th century. She guides us through British colonial policy in East Africa, the subsequent economic disequilibrium, and its health implications. But she rejects simple solutions: the Green Revolution was yet another attempt to effect change technically rather than economically, the mantra of 'population control' is a diversionary tactic, nor can you merely lift successful measures like Chinese barefoot doctors — they are indivisible from the social, political, and economic changes in which they have occurred. Indeed, Doyal's is not a book for tinkerers. She offers no piecemeal solutions, and her political fundamentalism means that she cannot and will not offer a pat ending. Yet her stirring and sobering critique should be mandatory reading for anyone with the slightest interest in health — including doctors.

David Smith's study for the Policy Studies Institute (formerly PEP) on *Overseas Doctors in the National Health Service* is, like the doctors he surveyed, far too polite to use words like medical imperialism, yet pushing through its neatly classified data is a sense of burning frustration on the doctors' part.

Smith's study tells us everything we ever knew about overseas doctors, plus much that we ought to know. Thus, most are concentrated at junior hospital doctor grade, and in specialities like geriatrics and psychiatry — the least popular, and the least useful to their countries of origin, and the most capable of cultural misreadings. They are less likely to be in teaching hospitals, or gain the training they came here to acquire, and their careers progress more slowly than those of their British counterparts. Only a fraction of all this can be attributed to linguistic inadequacy, though overseas doctors often miss out on promotion because they do not or cannot make use of 'informal contacts' and personal recommendation in getting plum jobs. Or, as one consultant put it, 'you tend to appoint the British chap because inevitably you prefer your own kind of person'.

Selection committees for jobs pay little regard to an applicant's experience abroad, and what is more distressing is that the stain of ethnocentricity has spread to the overseas doctors themselves, so that they've internalised the negative British view of their capabilities: 16 per cent thought that the average level of competence of Asian doctors was lower than that of white British doctors. The study concludes with some interesting career structure proposals, yet it never really questions the great shibboleth of Western training for overseas doctors, and the relevance of what they take back to their country of origin.

Gregory Parston shares many of Doyal's views, and has tried to apply them to health planning, yet he has drenched his whole thesis (literally, a doctorate) in idiosyncratic plannese — a jargon which isn't any the better for being self-created. Parston is fine when scooping out sections of 'The German Ideology', and he is clearly knowledgeable about town planning, but his case histories of the drawing up of two health plans are lethally turgid and fail to bear the fruits of his political contemplations.

Parston's most lucid contribution is his ordering of three approaches to planning: neutralist, advocate and activist. The neutralist believes in the common interest of society, and doesn't realise that by arguing for a neutral or objective approach, s/he is arguing for retaining the status quo. The advocate may plead the minority or 'community' line, but believes that in the final analysis, a pluralist society will arbitrate between competing claims. The activist believes in taking an overtly political line but — and this is where Parston is at his most acute — actually, s/he isn't much different from the neutralist, because the activist thinks that planning can act as a forum for resolving competing class conflicts. Not so, says Parston, because planners deal only with distribution, and not with production.

The contemplations of the Edinburgh Medical Group on the ethics of resource allocation belong squarely in the neutralist camp. This group of professionals — including a philosopher and a theologian — came together to devise a series of principles for fairer allocation of health resources, and constantly plead for 'the common interest' and rational agreement about political purposes. But they trade in ethics, not politics, talk about trust not power, are much taken with Socrates, and offer more than their fair share of liberal bunk. Where they touch on important issues — such as inflated lay expectations of curative medicine — they fail to explain their origin.

Stylistically, the book veers between romantic hyperbole, and passages like a medieval morality play where different professionals engage in a dialogue and virtually parody themselves:

> *Community Physician.* Doesn't it come to education? If enough people knew, people wouldn't

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by Michael Bell

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smoke . . . —

General Practitioner. Working-class women are smoking more.

Historian. Let's not be too pessimistic. Changes take generations.

Nurse. I only smoke in private now.

The synthesis of their deliberations begs a million questions: *more* professionalism among doctors, 'better political activity'.

Lesley Garner clearly belongs to the advocate school. Her discussion of 'the health service disease' — shortage of money in the NHS, growing demands for health care, and low morale among health workers — is a plea for re-allocation of resources away from cure to care (the old, mentally ill, etc). Although little of what she says is new, it's a useful review. She gives a good if desperate sense of the NHS's day-to-day financial stinting, the inadequacies of doctors' training (which fails to reflect the needs of society), and emphasises the importance of choices between competing sectors of the NHS. Yet ultimately, her account suffers from too much 'we'-ing — consensual moral exhortations, ignoring conflicts of interest, and demands of production. And she also falls victim to victim-blaming and to urging us to look after ourselves.

Vivienne Walters's book defies categorisation. Its copiously documented premise (that the NHS hasn't reduced class inequalities in health and illness) and its conclusion (on the need for political change as a prelude to health change) are passionate and sound, but the middle is a muddle. It's an attempt to disprove the view that the creation of the NHS was a response to working-class demands for reform, and was opposed by the medical profession. Though there's some interesting historical material in it, her counter-argument that the medical profession willingly accepted some state control is blind to strategies of reformism, and she slips all too easily into managerial parlance, uncritically citing 'rationalisation' as the motive force behind the creation of the NHS.

From the arsenal of data now inevitable in health literature, what relief to relax into Norman Cousins's compulsively readable, racy Reader's Digest-style narrative, of how he laughed his way out of a crippling illness. Contracting a tissue disease which specialists warned him would make his spine disintegrate, Cousins resolved to reject the clinical prognosis, along with the daily doses of 25 aspirins, leave hospital, and devise his own cure: a massive dose of ascorbic acid (Vitamin C) and plenty of laughter (which he pursued assiduously). Reasoning that if negative emotions like stress could affect physical states, positive ones ought also to.

Needless to say, as in all good testimonials, he was virtually cured, his 'treatment' aroused considerable professional interest, and he has become an itinerant propagandist for the propitious qualities of the mind. All good stuff and, though Cousins's poetic optimism verges sometimes on cracker-slogans, his faith in the power of the will, his views on the self-limiting nature of most illnesses, and his holistic view of the need to integrate body and mind are stimulating. But he goes off the rails in his paeon to placebos, urging doctors to dispense them to satisfy their patients' craving for a prescription. That they perpetuate belief in clinical omniscience, he seems to ignore — or does he? For all his dalliance with holism, he eventually comes clean and offers a glorification of the scientific method in medicine, so it's back to the medical model yet again.

Brian Martin

A Taste of Drains

Human Voices by PENELOPE FITZGERALD *Collins* £5.25

A Tree May Fall by JONAH JONES *Bodley Head* £5.95

A Short Time To Live by MERVYN JONES *Deutsch* £6.50

Two Women by HARRY MULISCH *Calder* £6.95

The House on Prague Street by HANA DEMETZ *W. H. Allen* £4.95

Once again we are offshore in Penelope Fitzgerald's novel *Human Voices*, this time not moored in Battersea Reach, but aboard Broadcasting House in 1940 as it steers a course through Langham Place. Working there 'suggested more strongly than ever a cruise on the Queen Mary' and in its curving corridors there are 'sudden shipboard meetings and even collisions'. Its crew, mostly known by the initials of their positions (RPD is the Recorded Programmes Director), organise the broadcasting and scatter 'human voices into the darkness of Europe'.

Penelope Fitzgerald's writing has a fine economy and a constant flow of gentle, whimsical humour reminiscent of Muriel Spark at her best. Sam Brooks, the RDP, whose office girls constitute 'his seraglio' is described as the man 'who means everything he says at the time'. He and his colleagues are the BBC, loyal to the truth: 'As an institution that could not tell a lie, they were unique in the contrivances of gods and men since the Oracle of Delphi.'

Some of her set pieces are very funny, but at the same time moving. An Anglophile French general supposedly broadcasting to rally England to the Free French unexpectedly calls for Englishmen to surrender, 'Give in when the Boche comes. Give in,' and he refers to 'the courageous drunkard whom you have made your Prime Minister'. Fortunately the DPP (Director of Programme Planning) had met the old boy in the corridor beforehand and had speedily pulled the plugs on him. DPP's prescience on this occasion does not save him though from the novel's amusingly macabre and almost fairy-tale ending.

At Pruniers RPD can still order lobster for his juniors, none of whom 'liked the taste of them fresh. Seaweed and a taste of drains, thought Vi'. By contrast on the 8 July, tea rationing is introduced, two ounces per person, per week; and in a literary joke, most nights even T. S. Eliot is to be found fire-watching at his publishers: he moves in measure, like a dancer.

A Tree May Fall is a serious, moral novel, the first of three about the Anglo-Irish problem. A young orphaned Quaker, William Dobie, in spite of his staunchly pacifist aunt, calms his conscience and volunteers for the Army in 1916. He joins 'what he thought of as the *moral lump* to free Belgium of her oppressors'. The argument is severe: his 'there *is* such a thing as a just war' is opposed to his aunt's uncompromising 'war is clearly wrong'. His Cambridge tutorials, ploughing through Walter Bagehot, prove less compelling than the demands of his conscience.

His inner moral debate reaches a crisis when he finds that his battalion is posted to Ireland, not to France, to march on Dublin and quell rebels taking part in the Uprising. He had joined up because of the wrong done to Belgium 'only to find himself facing the possibility of flushing out and killing Irishmen'. Were the British in Ireland like the Germans in Belgium? Not even his feminist girlfriend with her abiding passion for Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida* can help him much in this dilemma. It is finally settled when his company comes under fire: commitment has to be either to Irishmen or to his own men. The novel ends with an inspired piece of cruel irony.

Mervyn Jones's *A Short Time To Live* seeks to lay the ghost of an able young journalist murdered in a small Pacific island. It starts and ends with a funeral but lacks the virtue of economy and in places is much overwritten. Minor characters slip easily into caricature. Keir Bradley, a free-lance reporter, has to be Australian. Hank and Chuck Campbell who in their London hotel order up 'a case of whisky and a couple of girls' are decidedly Canadian.

There are redeeming moments when this novel, set so firmly in the present, begins to succeed. Spike Hardcastle, like most engineers of unsuccessful political escapades, is struck down by timely illness; but his is real and gives the novel its title. The way that he learns of his wife's infidelity with an old schoolmate is chilling in the circumstances, and Mervyn Jones's storytelling at the resolution of the plot compensates for much else.

Two Women tells of the lesbian relationship between a middle-aged divorcée and a young girl called Sylvia. In order to counter the sterility of this arrangement, Sylvia deserts for a time to get herself pregnant by the divorcée's former husband. She succeeds and returns: the outcome is not foreseen but is cleverly contrived by the Dutch novelist Harry Mulisch.

He tells the story in the person of the middle-aged woman, making a credible leap of gender. It is a pity he is let down by his translator who is ill at ease with English idiom: 'I stopped at a roadside restaurant to buy Esso.' There are passages where the full-stop has apparently been abandoned and occasionally an image fails to work: 'suddenly a tiredness covered me as a dropped parachutist is covered by his parachute.'

Conversely, the translation of *The House on Prague Street* is a most agreeable vehicle for Hana Demetz's tale of German-occupied Prague. She adds another infinitely sad chapter to the long record of Nazi atrocities, but simultaneously warns liberators and revolutionaries how careful they must be when the power of the gun lies in their hands.

Helen Richter, the novel's heroine, a half-Jewish teenager, watches the appalling apartheid practised on Jews gradually intensify. They must wear the yellow star; they cannot travel on trams after 5 p.m.; the use of parks is banned; and they cannot be on the streets after 8 p.m. Perhaps one of the few differences in South African apartheid is that blacks do not need a distinguishing emblem.

At the beginning, the Czechs listen on their radios to the threatening, yelping voice of Hitler, and ask 'Is he still crazy?'. At the end, those that are left tune in to Penelope Fitzgerald's 'human voices'. This poignant novel shows just how important the BBC was, and still is, to the beleagured Czechs.

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Judith Hart

With Her Tail Up

The Castle Diaries 1974-1976 by BARBARA CASTLE *Weidenfeld* £14.95

The new *genre* of near-contemporary diaries — first Crossman, now Castle (Wilson is not of the *genre*) arouses quite violent disapproval, ranging across the political spectrum, for what Minister or civil servant will say what he really thinks if a diarist is taking notes? And there are also the meaner objections — diaries are egotrips, they make money, they feed the hungry maws of the media. The other view, which I share, is that they are to be welcomed. They make fascinating reading, they expose the raw nerve of the Establishment's civilised system, so rooted in Whitehall procedures as to be challengeable only by a radical Prime Minister, procedures designed to keep governments on an even keel by controlling undue socialist tendencies within Labour governments. These diaries serve the interests of open government.

Barbara Castle says that in 1974 she felt it would be a crime not to record her experience in government. She was right: and particularly since she does shorthand. This simple ability, rare among politicians — and a lot of journalists, for that matter — gives her a big advantage over Crossman whose version of events was often impressionistic, relying mainly on memory and weekend taping. I certainly don't find anything to challenge for accuracy, although her selectivity is naturally subjective; and she can know only her bit — not other people's.

Her departmental concentration, of course, was upon social security and the Health Service. The fights with the Treasury on the first, and with the medical profession on the second, are recorded to the advantage of neither with relentless detail. She was always a superb departmental minister, dedicating energies beyond any call of duty to positive achievement — ODM, Transport, DHSS — and using flair to get her point over with the press, in Parliament, and in the Party. (I do not mention 'In Place of Strife'. The 1969-70 diary is yet to come.) It has always been my view that Barbara should have been Foreign Secretary, Home Secretary, or Chancellor: at the Department of Employment and Productivity she was a square peg in a round hole, without the instinct which serves her so well in every other field. But we have yet to see the day of anyone left-of-centre in one of those key jobs. That *will* be the day.

The diary, therefore, is heavily concentrated on the DHSS, and valuable for that alone. But Barbara was doing her best to engage fully in the major issues of economic policy. This is the area where her recording of Cabinet stuff, and her comments thereon, give the real meat for both political historians and the grassroots of the movement.

It was a terrible time. The Wilson government of 1974 came to power with a radical Party programme, regarded with scepticism by many of its members, and enthusiasm by a few. It was a right-of-centre Cabinet, with the minimum of Wilsonian 'balance'. It faced the post-Heath economic crisis, a plummeting pound and a hostile City. Need it have retreated into deflation at the bidding of the powerful alliance of the IMF and a Treasury which shared its conservative analysis and strategy?

The alternative would have been devaluation, a degree of selective import controls, public investment and expenditure to create and redistribute wealth and incomes (including Barbara's emphasis on the social wage), and — in my view, a necessary condition for the success of the alternative strategy — taking Britain out of the Common Market, to stop the flow of our lifeblood into investment in Europe within the embrace of 'the free movement of capital'. Why did the Left fail?

Of course all this was thrashed out in the Tuesday dinners — it would be agreed that the Treasury paper coming to Thursday's Cabinet should be resisted. (In the event, other Ministers would join the Left in arguing

against public expenditure cuts — but not on the other issues.) But everyone's first and time-consuming priority was their department, and the soul of a Labour government was sacrificed on the altar of ministerial passions which — looking back — take a much smaller place in history. And yet without departmental passion would any party policies be carried out? There are no easy answers. Barbara fought in Cabinet for proper discussion of central economic strategy, and was the one who forced the pace many a time. But it was her second priority, not her first. And so it was with the others. There was no chance of success, of course. The real lesson of the period is that Socialist policies can only succeed if the Cabinet believes in them.

The efforts of the dissident ministers to organise the anti-campaign in the Common Market referendum are here too. Looking back on it all, there was too much innocence, too much amateurishness, too little effective organisation, to confront a well-oiled political machine backed by the money-men, the media and the Whitehall mandarins.

Not least important are her asides about her colleagues. On Michael Foot's Parliamentary Labour Party speech after he lost the leadership election in April 1976: 'I thought as I listened what a joy it was to have a touch of quality brought back into our political dialogue.' On Tony Benn: 'Wedgie . . . he is too much of an individualist to collaborate with.' 'Heaven save one from one's comrades!' she says after one NEC meeting — and after another echoes it with a jibe at 'the muddled emotionalism of the so-called Left'. But there is no bitchiness in this Diary. Even the occasional colleague who escapes her all-embracing comradeship (Tony Crosland, Roy Mason, Jim Callaghan, Roy Jenkins) is discussed without malice. Just here and there is a dagger — 'I beat Treasury, in the arid person of Mr Edmund Dell'. But she was still giving Joel Barnett — Chief Secretary, and supposed to be the enemy of every departmental minister who wanted to spend more and resisted cuts — hugs in the division lobby. (He very often well deserved them.)

Hugs and their various equivalents in warmth and conscious exercise of charm have always been part of Barbara's stock-in-trade. Her feminism practises femininity as an instrument of persuasion. It is a generational question; but it is also a serious matter of public image. She sacrifices sleep for a hairdo: no Carmen rollers for her in extremity. I remember a delicate conversation in the Lady Members' terrace cloakroom soon after I arrived at Westminster in 1959, with two young children, a home-done hairdo and home-sewn tweeds. 'It's very important, isn't it, that we always look our best in this place, don't you think — to keep our end up?' said Barbara. It was so splendidly tactful. (But it *is* a matter of generations — Bernadette Devlin, and, after her, Helene Hayman, smashed the old image with their jeans.)

The woman part of the Diary is important. It is, let us note, the first of the *genre* by a woman. So the crises of hostess-shopping for a party, the constant concern for her husband Ted, the cooking of a quick omelette, the sweet pleasure of a good dress, the quick change for a formal dinner, the make-up for television, the respect for Margaret Thatcher's Saatchi-and-Guinevere smoothness of appearance, the Hell Corner Farm concentration on the family, the dogs and her garden: all these are not trivia. They are the extra and additional chores of a woman minister, even with a liberated husband, taken in her stride and without complaint or even comment. Just part of life.

She would have liked to retire from Government 'with her tail up' and was denied the dignity of doing so. It was a double betrayal. She had told Harold in trusting confidence that she would like to go when she had seen her Pay Beds Bill through Parliament. Summoned by Jim during his Cabinet-making, she was told 'I want to ask you for your portfolio.' She was detached, he 'looked miserable'. So she went on to the backbench Committee of her Bill to see it through.

She was indefatigable in her single-mindedness — and that is both her virtue and and her defect. She is tough. She has stamina. She has a socialist passion to equal that of any of her critics. She has an enormous capacity for loyalty and friendship and affection. She can be wrong, but will never admit it. She has a perception of wider horizons which the diary demonstrates to the great advantage of the Party and the movement. And damn it all, she's got guts.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Stuart Hood

Sisters under the Skin

The most important question raised by the women directors whose work opened the recent German Film Week at the National Film Theatre was how the film can or should present history. It is a problem not restricted to German film-makers for it occupies a number of young film-makers in this country too; but there are clearly specific difficulties about the representation of recent German history whether by Germans or others. The issue was raised in an acute form by two films in particular: Helma Sanders-Brahms's *Germany, Pale Mother* (the title derives from a poem by Brecht, which is quoted in full on screen before the first shot of the film) and *The Children of No 67* by Usch Barthelmess-Weller.

Germany, Pale Mother is autobiographical — an account of the director's childhood in wartime Germany and in the immediate post-war years. It is, she explained, a tribute to her mother and a celebration of the kind of courage which is neither recorded in the kind of history men write nor, she maintains, valued by them at its true worth. The film is also an attempt on the part of the director to come to terms with her father, the man in the uniform of a Wehrmacht NCO, who was an oedipal intrusion into the closely linked existence of mother and daughter in bombed Berlin — a man, too, who had shot a woman in Poland who looked 'just like my wife'. One reading of the film might describe it as a successful resolution of the oedipal conflict and a statement of love for the stranger whom defeat brought back to the family circle. Helma Sanders-Brahms has made a moving and at times harrowing film from her childhood memories which she from time to time validates, as it were, by interesting contemporary colour footage. But the bulk of the film is dramatic reconstruction, which presents difficulties which she has not overcome. These difficulties centre on the question of how to represent on the screen the realities of that time when the iconography available to the film-maker has been devalued not only by feature films but above all by television serials from *Holocaust* and *Colditz* down to the interminable Resistance sagas in which chauvinism is substituted for thought and stereotypes make it virtually impossible to think of Germans as human beings caught up in great and terrible events.

What all such representations of life under Hitler (in Germany and elsewhere) share is a realism which offers to the viewer an apparently transparent image of these times and of a reality which is neither explored nor explained. One other woman director, Ulrike Ottinger, whose work was represented by *Portrait of a Woman Drinker* (of which more later), touched on the problem when introducing her film; it was, she said, her experience that the more one strove for realism in describing contemporary reality the further one was from it. Reality is better approached by indirections such as Helma Sanders-Brahms herself uses in the most remarkable sequence in *Germany, Pale Mother* — a sequence which (presumably because of its length and deliberate pace) the distributors have attempted to persuade her to cut. It shows mother and daughter making their way back to Berlin from evacuation to the country. They walk through forests; they shelter in destroyed buildings with rusty furnaces that remind the viewer of the cremation ovens of the camps; they find the blackened corpse of a soldier in the undergrowth; in one deserted building the mother is raped by two GIs, which is, as she tells her daughter, the right of the victor. And throughout all this runs her telling of one of the most blood-curdling of the Grimm Brothers' fairy-tales — *The Robber-Bridegroom*, which relates how the bride is warned by an old woman that her bridegroom inhabits 'a murderer's house'; how she sees him cut off a girl's finger, which lands in the bride's lap; how she escapes and how the bridegroom is brought to justice. Told by mother to daughter it becomes a metaphor for Hitler's Germany.

The Children of No 67 is much more cosy. Adapted from a series of stories about children who share the games and quarrels of a Berlin courtyard, it has the feel of a soap-opera with an added frisson for those viewers who can relate the date a boy writes on his new football to a stage in Hitler's coming to power. There are those among the children who are Nazis; there are those who waver; there are the Reds and the Jews. The setting is that kind of Berlin working-class milieu which Brecht chose for his *Kuhle Wampe*, to which there seem to be some direct references, such as the outing to the Berlin lake. But Brecht does not work on our emotions through a kind of complicity — nudging complicity, for instance, in the inherent tragedy of the calf-love of the blond boy for the little Jewish girl. We understand nothing more and nothing newer about Nazism than we did at the beginning. Nor is that understanding helped (the same is true of the other films) by scandalously bad subtitling of such a nature that meanings are disguised and distorted by fractured American slang and by straightforward mistranslations as when over a plate of mussels (*Muscheln* in German) the sub-title 'Oysters!' appears or when the perfectly ordinary word for 'crossroad' (*Kreuzweg*) is rendered 'the Way of the Cross'.

Portrait of a Woman Drinker is, as we have seen, an attempt to escape from realism. The attempt took various forms. One was the accentuation of the surreal quality of the Berlin landscape — a quality which is the cumulative result of bombing, of heavy street fighting, of the division of the city and of the use of its western part as a gaudy show-window for the consumer society. Another was the choice of a heroine of striking beauty who does not speak throughout the film — or not so that we can hear the words she occasionally mouths. Another still was the shaping of the film round the heroine's odyssey, in the company of a derelict woman companion whom she picks up on the way, through the pubs and drinking places, into the desolate corners and friendless gleaming night-time boulevards of West Berlin.

This is a landscape we know already from another woman director's work — from Helke Sanders's *All-round Reduced Personality: redupers*, which is in black and white, is more formal in its structure and more reflective in its handling of images. The account of a woman photographer's struggle to bring up a child in Berlin and to find work as a photographer is in turns humorous and cool. *Portrait of a Woman Drinker* has humour, too; both films exploit the shabbiness and the threatening quality of the Berlin *Stadtbild*. If I find Ulrike Ottinger's study of drunkenness and of alienation less satisfying, it is because of the suggestion that only the alienated of this world are decent and nice to one another; that, to put it crudely, the beautiful heroine and the newspaper-gathering, dilapidated down-and-out toper are sisters under the skin, united across class barriers in a common defence against the world. It is a curiously naive suggestion to emanate from what is a highly inventive and imaginative film.

The works of the remaining directors were set more prosaically in the everyday life of West Germany. Heidi Genée's *1 + 1 = 3* is an amusing account of how a young woman, on finding herself pregnant, decides to have *her* child. One German critic is quoted on the BFI hand-out as saying that 'we are never for a moment distracted by any ostentatious display of directional ambition'. He found the story 'so engrossing as to make us forget the medium'. In other words it is the kind of film that television networks love; it can be scheduled at almost any time of day or night. (Ulrike Ottinger,on the other hand, is having difficulty in getting money for her next film from German television because, as she has been told, her work 'is so difficult' that it can only be shown in a late night ghetto.) Margarethe von Trotta is unlikely to encounter such difficulties. In *Sisters* she moves in a slightly different world from Heidi Genée — the world of *crême de la crême* secretaries and of sibling psychodramas. *Sisters* is directed with great efficiency and with a glossy realism which tells us very little indeed about modern Germany. Yet curiously she has been criticised there for attempting to find social causes for psychic problems. What she has produced is, in fact, the stuff of women's magazines writ large. There must be more interesting themes to hand in the Federal Republic for a skilled woman director.

Among this week's contributors:

ANNE KARPF is engaged in a study on medicine and the media.

DAME JUDITH HART MP was minister and shadow for Overseas Development but resigned in July.

BRIAN MARTIN lectures in English at Oxford and is author of *John Keble: Priest, Professor and Poet*

BRUCE STEWART'S latest radio play was *Now and at the Hour of our Birth,* broadcast in June.

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L'Espoir au Présent?

PAUL BINDING and DAVID BERRY report on the recent Fête de l'Humanité in Paris

Though history has provided a grim and ironic context in which to view them, the November 1918 jubilations in Moscow must still constitute the ideal for a socialist-revolutionary festival. There were parades, fireworks, outdoor concerts; Tatlin, Malevich and Kandinsky decorated the city; crowds sang both the *Internationale* and Beethoven's setting of the 'Ode to Joy'; a cubist statue of Bakunin was unveiled. In other words the festivities brought together *art populaire*, adventurous experiments from the avant-garde, loved cultural achievements of the past, and both spontaneous and official gestures of exhilaration and confidence. The annual Fête de l'Humanité in Paris has now become the world's largest communist festival. Taking place in a huge park of woods, lawns and artificial lakes in the north Paris suburb of La Courneuve, it contains a plethora of traditional fair amusements, and booth after booth offering food and drink. This year over a million people visited it in the course of a weekend. French Communists look on the Fête as an index and a manifestation of their vigour. Can it be seen in any way as a worthy descendant of those now almost mythical celebrations of 1918? Does it provide a useful indication of the state of contemporary socialist art? And what can we learn from it of the cultural service a large-scale festival provides?

For all its pleasures there could be no escaping the Fête's primary purpose, nor was it intended that there should be. Sponsored by the PCF's official organ, *L'Humanité* (which has a daily circulation of almost 250,000), it appeared above all else a fund-raising event for the party to which, during the weekend, 10,000 new members were recruited, as well as 18,000 new subscribers to *l'Humanité* itself. Georges Marchais opened the Fête; his new book *L'Espoir au Présent* was everywhere for sale, and indeed 30,000 copies of it were bought. And the Fête's climax was indubitably Marchais's great address to a vast, quiet and rather reverential crowd at 4.30 on Sunday afternoon. This speech not only coincided with the start of the French political year, it formed the opening of Marchais's own electoral campaign.

It was not surprising to learn how many recruits to the PCF had been made for if it did nothing else the Fête provided evidence of its widespread national appeal. (In fact two thirds of French towns over 30,000 are governed by a union of the left in which the Communist party has a majority share.) Long-standing official Parisian contempt for indigenous regional cultures has impelled many in the provinces towards the PCF; membership is very strong, for instance, in Brittany and Provence, as stands indicated. The PCF is organised in two ways — branches in factories and branches based on locality. At the Fête every branch — and every branch had to be represented — offered customers something intrinsic to itself and handed out political material relating to its specific problems and achievements. On Sunday, for example, a hospital in Northern France involved in a struggle over work conditions was represented by a CGT *(Confédération Générale du Travail)* cell who not only gave out leaflets about their predicament but provided free blood pressure readings. You could not but receive a sense of the unity in diversity of the French Communist Party.

But what about the Fête as a major cultural occasion? Not only was there no contemporary Kandinsky or Malevich in evidence, the avant-garde, the innovative was nowhere to be seen or heard. Nor was the *hochkultur* of the past much better served — a Bartok concert by a visiting Hungarian orchestra was perhaps its most interesting offering. Not so much as a bow was made towards science. The Polish situation — over which the PCF had, in fact, taken an irreproachable stand in favour of autonomous unions — was the occasion for one animated public discussion, but otherwise the visitor who went hoping to listen to challenging political debate went in vain.

But the most casual inspection of the *'Cité Internationale'*, as the collection of stands of the world's communist newspapers is called, might indeed have warned him of this. Imagine an intellectual exchange between the following: pro-Soviet Afghans and the staff of the PCI's *'L'Unitá'*, representatives from *Atilim* of Turkey (where the Party is illegal) who were still recovering from news of the military putsch and those from the Swiss *Voix Ouvrière* and *Vorwarts*, men in red chemises yodelling merrily away, occasionally pausing to remind passers-by that Lenin had once lived in Zurich.

The Fête's international cultural activity seemed to posit the existence of some *l'homme moyen folklorique*. There was special emphasis this year on puppetry, in particular on the art of the marionette theatre. We saw puppets of regal appearance from China, grotesque, long-nosed puppets from Czechoslovakia, and eerily beautiful puppets from Indonesia. It is intended as no disparagement of this ancient art-form to say that its position at the cultural centre of an international fair is a little out of proportion to its intrinsic interest. Ritual antics by distorted simulacra of our kind soon become distinctly monotonous.

There was much folk-music to be heard at the Fête. But the most accomplished ethnic musicians never attracted as many people as did the most amateur Paris rock group present. And this brought us to a fresh appreciation of the fact that the most truly universal vernacular of our times is the musical idiom that originates in the one significant country excluded from the Fête. For it is America which has forged and released to the world language for expressing with immediacy and passion those basic dynamics for human action — sexual desire, yearnings for a better life, longings for freedom. By employing this language, Pete Seeger, the only American guest, elicited from his audience responses which the most spirited and adroit conservationists of Eastern Europe cannot hope to obtain.

Conservationism and conservatism are cousins, and we must register another disappointment — at the lack of evidence of radical social activity, both inside the parties and outside them. No representative of the French feminist group *'Des Femmes en Mouvement'* was present, for example. Journalists we spoke to from *Libération*, the daily paper of the independent Marxist left, clearly regarded the Fête as merely the most conspicuous representation of the PCF's attempt to define itself as the only real left in France. For this reason *Libération* accorded the Fête a very sneering review in its Monday issue.

But, for all its abundant deficiencies, it did not deserve this. It was impossible not to take away from the Fête a realisation that to be one with a large and amorphous crowd, united in peaceful pleasures, is an exhilarating experience, one which will provide an inspiring image as a spur for humanist activity. And 'peaceful' is an important word here; no policeman was allowed inside the Fête in an official capacity, and it passed without any eruption of violence whatever.

Radio

Bruce Stewart

A Papal Play

Pope Leo X, in unreformed Renaissance times, is said to have written some tolerable music, and Pope Leo XIII in the starchy Victorian era composed excellent Latin verse and on one occasion (showing the correct sense of priorities) a letter to *The Times*: but I do not think in any kind of period we have previously had a Pope who wrote plays.

Not that Karol Wojtyla, as he was when he penned *Outside the Jeweller's* (Radio 3, 28 September), has quite done that. But as Sovereign Pontiff the author need not blush for what he set down as mere Bishop of Cracow. He describeds his piece as 'a meditation on the Sacrament of matrimony, passing on occasion into drama', and such — interpreting 'drama' in the widest possible sense — it surely is. There is little true dialogue, all the action occurs 'at other times and elsewhere', plangent soliloquy calls to plangent soliloquy. Claudel, Pinter, and even Saroyan have done the same sort of thing, of course. Actors commonly dislike such texts as they are insufferably hard to learn. But let us ponder this question of 'meditation'.

Since the East came to NW 10, meditation seems to mean something like sitting for prolonged periods in yoga postures and more or less emptying the mind. To men of Karol Wojtyla's generation and cultural background, this would have appeared a sort of betrayal. Meditation remained sharp-minded activity, positive consideration of a particular issue, leading to identifiable affections and practical resolutions. In the *Spiritual Exercises* of St Ignatius (on which Popes are almost required to be raised), one first establishes one's Composition of Place, follows this by the Considerations (logically sub-divided if you're doing it right), ends on a Colloquy which is part fervent prayer, part steely determination. ('Pray as though all depended on God,' wrote Ignatius, as always anxious to couple the contemplative life securely to the active life, 'act as though all depended on yourself'.)

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The Composition of Place in *Outside the Jeweller's* is the shop itself, in the window of which all is reflected, and where the nervous young couple, staring at the rings which symbolise wedlock, have a sense of being *regarded*. Their reflection in the window is likely to remain forever, because it has already been forever. This is blandly enough stated. We are committed to reflections on marriage *sub specie aeternitatis*.

The Considerations are threefold. In *1. Signals*, Teresa and Andrew ponder the 'complicated map of signals' by which they came to know they were destined for each other. The old jeweller's eyes flash signals too, and they find they are in thrall to a new and surprising sense of unity: marriage will render them neither more nor less than one. In *2. The Bridegroom*, Anna, having split up with Stephan, comes back to the shop window. The old jeweller beyond it seems not to be weighing just the rings now, but people's whole lives. Adam, a sort of priest-figure, tells Anna the Bridegroom (yes, in classic biblical terms, foolish virgins and all) is coming. When he does, Anna discovers he has Stephan's face: separation cannot be supposed to connote an end of essential unity. In *3. The Children*, Monica and Christopher, offspring of the above couples, go through the eternal routine despite their parents' and everybody's bitter experience (Andrew was killed early, widowing Teresa) and find hope, joy, unity all over again: this is a great mystery, but I speak in Christ and the Church.

I think it glib to say these reflections on marriage are only to be expected from a man who in the event became Pope. *Outside the Jeweller's* is a Christian meditation, but powerfully suggestive of the world as it is, particularly the hard world Karol Wojtyla knew as a younger man. We all want our marriages to *mean something*. We are dismayed when they do not.

Perhaps it takes a celibate — to go even further perhaps it is a function of the celibate (granted he is warm and outgoing, as K.W. obviously always has been) — to point out that they most mean something when they least appear to.

Theatre—1

Timothy E. O'Grady

Derry-Do

Translations by BRIAN FRIEL *Guildhall, Derry*

The stained-glass windows in Derry's Guildhall commemorate in triptych fashion the apprentice boys' famed defence of their stronghold under siege in 1688. Some of the old Celtic clan chiefs are also, in a surprising early gesture towards power-sharing, accorded space there — if only as a kind of footnote. The Guildhall is a Victorian edifice, and perhaps more than any other building in the city has symbolised that peculiar amalgam of plantation, siege and empire mentalities which still struggles desperately, in the name of 'Loyalism', to preserve its hegemony. It has been bombed on several occasions, most tellingly in 1972 (an event which has earned the bizarre status of a commemorative plaque), the same year that, only half a mile away, 13 demonstrators were killed by the British Army.

In 1973, Brian Friel wrote a play called *The Freedom of the City*, in which three such demonstrators found themselves trapped in this same Loyalist bastion, taking advantage of their predicament to strut about in ermine robes in a parody of the city fathers. His latest play *Translations* has now received its world première in this very building — an irony that cannot have gone unnoticed in a city whose humour is built upon such incongruities. For it is largely due to the concerted efforts of today's city fathers, and other powers that be in both parts of Ireland, that the event is happening at all. Ten years ago it would have been unthinkable.

Derry, which had previously been the victim of the worst of Loyalist gerrymandering practices, has undergone some profound administrative changes in recent years, and though the powers of the city council are severely restricted, it is at least far more representative of its 65 per cent Catholic population than ever before. One of the powers which the council does reserve is amenities, something in which Derry is singularly lacking. Along with the vicissitudes of war, it has endured the caprices of multinationals, making the unemployment figures some of the worst in Europe, and a policy of cultural starvation which has left it with little life, apart from the pubs, after dark. The university and the civic theatre which should have been Derry's were shunted off to Loyalist Coleraine. Touring companies never come here. Nothing happens. The council has accordingly granted precious amounts of money and energy for this production of *Translations* to prove that Derry deserves attention.

Apprentice Boys march in Derry

The whole endeavour has a strange and compelling unity about it — both in the cultural issues it raises and the precedents it is trying to establish. The play's author and one of its leading actors, Stephen Rea, formed Field Day Theatre Company with the audacious intention of creating a new theatrical tradition in the north of Ireland. It is a bravado act of cultural politics, as much as of theatre.

The play, too, is an examination of the most vital cultural issues, of language and politics at the instant of conquest, when an old culture is passing and the harsh exigencies of the new one are first becoming apparent. It is a play of

October Arts Guide

OVAL HOUSE THEATRE

October Events

8-12, 7.30 p.m.
Three Women Mime Trio in
High Heels

10-12, 9.30 p.m.
Dovetail Joint in
The Stocking Left Over From Before

15-19, 7.30 p.m.
Spare Tyre premiere of
How Do I Look?

17-19, 9.30 p.m.
Siren Theatre in
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extraordinary depth, commitment and intellectual vigour, perhaps in part because it was written for and out of the specific context that the city of Derry and Friel's own company have provided. It is set in a hedge school in Donegal in the year 1833. Hedge schools, which, in their devotion to the classics, could be traced back to the old Celtic bardic schools, usually took place in a barn and were the only means of education left to the peasantry owing to the suppression of ordinary education, along with nearly everything else, under the Penal Laws. A British Army ordance survey team enters the area, charged with mapping it and standardising its place-names, and thereby instantly transforms the set of relations upon which the community is built; thus a name which in Irish evokes a local meaning is replaced by an English one which could as easily apply to a suburb of Birmingham (or Jamaica, for that matter); thus Lios na Muc becomes Swinefort.

The play is a concise model of contemporary Ireland, with its legacy of conquest and all the attendant grotesqueries — compromised middlemen, star-crossed lovers, dissolute romantics, marauding soldiers and a predicament that has no options but violent resistance. Yet another such horror is a morbid absorption in an imagined past, which, because of the great cataclysm of conquest, becomes as mythologised as it is irrecoverable.

The play is a truly major work, as masterly in its treatment of the complexities of culture, nationalism and Anglo-Irish relations as Shaw's *John Bull's Other Island*. It is written with engaging, ebullient humour and great emotional depth, qualities with Art O Briain's production captures very well while perhaps missing some of its intellectual subtleties. It is also daring, not only in the enormity of the issues it addresses but in the inventiveness of its devices — such as the great linguistic pun of having the Irish speak Greek, Latin and Irish (though the actors of course all use English to convey this), while the English soldiers are limited to English, a 'plebeian' language most suited to 'commerce', thus necessitating some very clever use of an interpreter.

The risks, it seems, have paid off in multiples — for Friel, the entire Field Day company and for the city of Derry. The curtain was greeted with the most rapturous and emotional standing ovation I have ever seen. A council official told me he has not seen Derry so electrified by an event since Charlie Nash went up for the world title.

Theatre — 2

Benedict Nightingale

Camphorised

The Merchant of Venice by SHAKESPEARE *Old Vic*
Colette by JOHN DANKWORTH *Comedy*
Time and the Conways by J. B. PRIESTLEY *Greenwich*

Directors of Shakespeare have been growing less whimsical when it's come to choosing a period and place for his plays; so it was puzzling to find Michael Meacham plumping *The Merchant* in a somewhat nautical 18th century. Was the intention to show refinement in conflict with passion, a cool and complacent 'civilisation' at odds with a raging outsider? Or was it simply that the wardrobe-mistress thought her collection of Sheridania was being damaged by the mothballs? Certainly, a slight smell of camphor hung over the production. It is by no means all bad, and can even boast pockets of excellence; but too much of the acting lacks freshness and excitement, and the delivery of some of the verse is, bluntly, disgraceful. The great spring-clean the RSC has given Shakespeare in recent years might never have happened.

The contrast with the same theatre's notorious *Macbeth* is strange. There was Peter O'Toole, incanting away like the mouldiest 19th-century ham; and here are equally capable actors succumbing to an equal but opposite madness. They mutter, gabble, elide some syllables and drop others, as if Shakespeare was a leather-jacketed realist who had written a 'method' drama about the iniquities of Venetian capitalism. Since the Christians in the play are the worst offenders, and Timothy West's Shylock the most vocally imposing, this has the incidental effect of making them seem smaller, pettier people than he. But it would be better if this gain, if such it is, was achieved by purposeful characterisation rather than accidentally, by down-at-heel diction. As it is, we're left with no special impression of Gratiano, Antonio, Bassanio et al except the surely specious one that a strong homosexual bond persists between the last two.

Portia herself is played by Maureen O'Brien as an ardent, breathless girl overwhelmingly in love with Bassanio and a bit nervous to find herself in court, togged up in legal black. The 'mercy' speech comes across very naturally, a well-meant but woefully naive appeal that bubbles impromptu from the heart; the daunting competence with which she goes on to conduct the trial unsurprisingly proves implausible. The most complete performance is West's Shylock, an impassive, rather dour businessman aged and broken by his daughter's defection and then, after the prospect of revenge has restored his self-respect, reduced to shattered senility by Venetian 'justice'; but those most likely to be remembered, for better or worse, are two striking cameos. After Jeffrey Kissoon's erect, intense Morocco has opted for the golden casket, and Bernard Archard's Aragon, an outrageously decrepit beau with a papier-maché nose, high-heeled shoes and purple garters, has gone for the silver — after those, Bassanio's choice of lead seems the purest anti-climax. There must be something wrong with a production that successfully hits off the small fry but persistently misses the big game.

Fans of Cleo Laine and her celebrated falsetto may manage to ignore the bits between the songs and enjoy *Colette* as a concert; but the rest of us can only wonder why anyone should make a stage musical of so

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theatrically intransigent a subject. The sparseness of action, the predictability of some of the songs ('Paree!') and the banality of many of the lyrics, the vulgarity of the emphasis on worldly success rather than artistic achievement, all left me boggling. It would be as sensible to dig up Mario Lanza and cast him in the lead of a show called *Priestley*. 'Socialism's a very nice thing, it makes me want to sing and sing' Jolly Jack might chant.

Actually, Jolly Jack was in melancholy mood last week, delivering himself of one of his more memorable attacks on callow optimism. Most of these he set just before the first world war; most of *Time and the Conways* just after it. The happiness and hope we see in the first act come to seem pretty gruesome by the third, because the second act occurs in 1938, when all is disintegration and despair, for the family as for the world. This is one of Priestley's three 'time' plays, but it neither evokes nor requires abstract justification, since it is absorbing enough as a lament for change and decay, disintegration and death.

The ironies get rather heavy towards the end, reminding us that Priestley is not after all the English Chekhov, rather a modern exponent of the morality play. But Alan Strachan's production is sufficiently sensitive and sentient to keep the most plonking lines in the land of the living, where, in spite of everything, they belong.

Films

John Coleman

POV

The Shining (X) *Warner West End; ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue; Classic, Haymarket; Studio, Oxford Circus*
The Big Red One (AA) *Classics, Haymarket and Chelsea; Odeon, Westbourne Grove*

Stanley Kubrick's fastidious attention to detail, his obsession with having things just so, has been well documented. That he embarks on no project lightly may be deduced from the fact that, since *Dr Strangelove,* his films have emerged at intervals of between three and five years; and, increasingly, one thinks of those solitary hobbyists who — scorning such short cuts as plywood and dowels — settle down to make a model of Buckingham Palace out of millions and millions of matchsticks. For *The Shining*, he and his production designer Roy Walker created an enormous network of sets out at Elstree (a huge lounge, a ballroom, a great kitchen, corridors and rooms) through which to patrol an indefatigable camera: ostensibly, the Overlook Hotel in Colorado, whither one Jack Torrance (Jack Nicholson), wife Wendy (Shelley Duval) and seven-year-old son Danny (Danny Lloyd) come as lone caretakers during the snowed-in, off-season winter months. This is to prove no ordinary, run-of-the-banshee haunted house: it is fully lit, no place of shadows and blown-out candles; however sumptuous, it is as naturalistic as expensive artifice can make it. But, then, of course, having erected such premises against which to play out an unusual tale of horror, it would hardly do to diminish or veil their magnificence in any way. So we are invited to accept that one man and his family should be set down to look after a grand hotel in which not a dust-sheet has been draped over the furniture, not an ornament put away, not a picture removed from the walls. For, after all, the bric-à-brac will have its later uses, not least in a laboured, last, post-'Rosebud' close shot of a framed group photograph, taken in 1921.

And to achieve the remarkable performance of his principal trio Kubrick insisted on take after take, once in a while running — so rumour has it — above the hundred mark. 'Unusual', 'remarkable': these are strong epithets. But how else to describe a story of the supernatural that makes absolutely no sense whatsoever, performances that are substantially on one note from beginning to end: Nicholson mirthlessly grinning and mugging like a corrupt leprechaun, Duvall drearily tearful, the boy muted, with staring eyes? The result is as hollow an exercise in directorial dictatorship, tricked out with disconnected bravura passages and busy-busy camera movements (photography by John Alcott), as was Kubrick's previous visual bonanza, *Barry Lyndon*. Young Danny is recognised by a friendly old black chef (Scatman Crothers) as psychic, capable of 'shining', or telepathy and precognition, and given to using his index finger as a sort of ventriloquial spirit-guide, 'Tony'. Jack is purportedly at work on a novel, though — when his long-suffering missus unwisely leafs through reams of pages — this turns out to be the words 'All work and no play make Jack a dull boy' typewritten endlessly, in various patterns. And Wendy just witters around.

There are assorted manifestations. In 1970 another caretaker had axed to bits his wife and two daughters before shooting himself; and two little girls in pale blue dresses appear to Danny, as well as an avalanche of blood pouring down from corridor walls. There is a sinister lady in a bath in an out-of-bounds room. There is a barman from nowhere, and a waiter, and a haunted ballroom. But the cheating that goes on with the uses of POV — or point of view of the respective characters — is nobody's business, when it surely ought to have been Kubrick's: he wrote the script with Diane Johnson, from a Stephen King novel. There *are* those powerfully eerie sequences and notions: Danny pounding loudly down corridors on his trike; a striking and teasing overhead shot of a great maze; an escape from a bathroom window into a snowbound courtyard. And the uncanniest effects of all are actually the least signalled and dramatic: the matter-of-fact unease of nightmare conveyed by Jack's interviewer for the job, by a smiling barman, by a courteous waiter. Had this subtlety of mood been sustained, we might have had a film of parts. As it is, we have a movie of bits, possibly further fragmented by some 20 minutes lost from the reported US version. All that attention to detail and none to the overall structure, all those takes and the hammiest showing yet by Jack Nicholson: his grinner with an axe does more than destroy a couple of doors.

Samuel Fuller's return to direction, *The Big Red One,* filmed largely in Israel and also lopped by more than 20 minutes by other hands, is a simple-minded war film starring Lee Marvin as The Sergeant, first seen knifing a Hun four minutes after the end of the 1914-18 affair, last seen doing much the same after World War II has ended in Europe. This B-movie structural tidiness brackets a more than faintly tedious account of the exploits of the Sergeant and his four indestructible squad members — the 'Four Horsemen', one of whom, Zab (Robert Carradine), 'the Hemingway of the Bronx', acts as intermittent narrator — as they fight their way through North Africa, Sicily, Omaha Beach, Belgium, and ultimately liberate a concentration camp in Czechoslovakia. They are cynical professionals, concerned with living: 'Surviving,' says Zab, 'is the only glory in war'. There are characteristic instances of Fuller's earthiness, as when Marvin reassures a replacement who has tripped a land-mine. Slinging away a bloody gobbet, he tells the alarmed fellow, 'Just one of your balls, Smitty. You can live without it. That's why they gave your two.' Counterbalancing this is the arrant sentimentality of Marvin's encounter with a silent, big-eyed kid from the camps. Raw humour is twice extracted from putting condoms to unerotic uses. A scene in an insane asylum, with Stéphane Audran razor-wielding as a Resistance lady, is pure comic strip. It is not a *bad* film; unnecessary, rather. Aficionados of Fuller will, however, want to add it to their collection, the more so in that it has parallels with the director's own wartime experiences, right up or down to Zab/Fuller's letter from ma saying she has sold her soldier-boy's novel to Hollywood.

Weekend Competition

No 2637 **Set by E. O. Parrott**

Poems, please, from Emily Dickinson, e.e cummings, Anne Sexton or Robert Lowell upon one of this year's American presidential candidates. Max. 16 lines, by 17 October.

No 2634 **Set by E.O. Parrott**

New rhymes which, *Struwelpeter*-like, illustrate the horrors which may befall wayward children.

Report **By Dan Drough**

Dan Drough writes from Blackpool: Squiffy from Languedoc last week, Drough from Lancs this week — let it never be said that the Complex is insular. A bulging file put me in sunny mood as my train left London, but I soon discovered that many entries were rather flat; disappointingly few of you found a clever link between the misdeed and the retribution (Ross and Pitt-Kethley were exceptions), and scansion was often below par. Still, by the time we chugged into Blackpool I had pulled out a plum or two — oh, and don't be having any fancy ideas about mandatory reselection of winners. Nine Newtons apiece.

When Maggie served in Father's store,
The little children who were poor
Came in and begged for buns or honey,
For they had very little money.
'You have not brought enough,' she said,
'To buy our smallest loaf of bread.
But wait a bit, your coins may do
To buy a catapult or two,
And these small knives are very good

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For mugging, if you're short of food!'
As soon as Maggie stepped outside,
Six gleaming pointed knives she spied.
'No, no!' she cried, 'Now don't you see,
You're not supposed to threaten me!'
Too late! Her cries remained unheard.
I dare not state what next occurred.

GAVIN J.S. ROSS

Come all you young lads who curse from Spion Kop,
A 'malaise' to Bert Millchip, you're for the Millichop.
Don't swear at ref or rozzer, pretend that you're in church,
'Cause Bert has F.A. work to do, and that includes the birch.

Take me, I went down Highbury, to stir it for the Gunners,
Wasn't there five minutes when old William took a scunner
To my verbals, Spooner-like I'd tripped on 'Price and Rix!' —
An' I got a two weeks' penalty, plus one or two free kicks.

On Saturday at Blackpool — a step down from St Annes,
When it's blowing in from Lytham you can hear 'em call the bans —
A tangerine to a transfer fee I only shouted 'Ball's!'
But I spent all bleedin' evenin' with the bleedin' 'Evenin' All

So, supporting Spurs (or Harlequins), you'd best not yell for Pratt,
Don't call for Burke at Burnden, *they're* calling for the 'cat'.
At Ayr, don't gee-up Bastard, ignore the Conns in Paris;
Take me, I'm watching Chelsea now, and cheering sweet Fred 'Arris.

J. H. BENTLEY

A punk called Tracy dyed her hair
To make the neighbours turn and stare;
The sides were black, the centre white,
Lacquered in spikes to catch the light.
She wandered round the local zoo,
Opening the cages, sniffing glue,
Until a male skunk, full of hate,
Mistook her hairdo for his mate.

F. PITT-KETHLEY

Socialism is a phase
One goes through in one's salad days,
It's just a chip, son, on your shoulder
That you'll discard as you get older;
Crackpot ideas soon come unstuck
In the real world of brass and muck,
In fact, you'll very seldom find
Top people who are Left-inclined;
You won't want folk to mutter 'Psst,
That fellow is a Socialist'.
Unless you change your Party hue
Life's glittering prizes aren't for you,
You'll never marry a brunette
From the smart Jag-and-cocktail set,
You'll never be a City leader,
You'll end up a NEW STATESMAN *reader.*

STANLEY J. SHARPLESS

Tony Miles

Chess

No 200 **World Junior Championship**

This year's World Junior Championship, held in Dortmund, was, in a way, rather a non-event. The reason was that the winner was known beforehand. The Russians, presumably not having anyone else they could safely trust to regain this prestigious nut of a title, sent in a sledgehammer named Kasparov. That Kasparaov was in a class of his own was generally accepted even by the players. Indeed it was suggested that he just give a simultaneous display against the rest! Between rounds he passed the time by crushing the grandmaster seconds of other players in five minute games. If there was any doubt about the result it was gone well before half-time with the field already a point adrift. Towards the end he just coasted home to finish with 10½/13, 1½ points ahead of his nearest challenger.

From an English point of view the event was as great a success as could realistically be hoped as Nigel Short, 15, scored an excellent result in taking second place with 9 ahead of Morovic (Chile), Bischoff (W. Germany) and Negelescu (Rumania) on 8½. With another four possible tries he must be a near certainty for the title soon.

Junior tournaments are noted for their wild tactical play but this time Nigel must have set some kind of record for ups and downs. His only loss, to the Argentinian Tempone, came from an ending where he was a pawn up. At the relevant point the position was **8/7p/p2B1kp1/3K1p2/4p2P/1Pb3P1/5P2/8.** Nigel (black) played . . . P-N4? and was about to relax thinking he had safely reached the time control. Glancing at his opponent's score sheet to check he was surprised to see only 38 moves there. Looking back at his own he was horrified to find two empty spaces at the bottom of the previous column. Panic-stricken and with no time to think he played the first two moves that come into his head: 39.P-R5, P-R3?? 40.B-B7, B-Q7?? and after 41.B-Q8ch, K-B2; 42.K-K5, P-B5; 43.KxP he was lost!

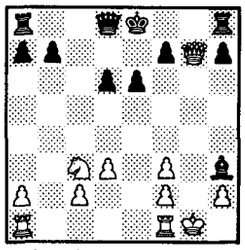
Against Morovic he was a rook down for negligible compensation **(8/6k1/p1QR2pl/1pplp2p/4P3/PPP3q1/5r2/2K1R3)**. White, to play, considered 1.QxBP but was (unnecessarily) worried about . . . R-B6. So he had the brilliant idea of 1.RxPch, QxR; 2.Q(QB6)xR(KB2)!? He duly played the first move of the combination but encountered some difficulty with the second, though he somehow managed to save the game!

Again in time trouble against the Hungarian Karolyi **(8/1p3p2/2p1bk1p/p5p1/2p5/1P1B1KP1/P1R2P1-P/1r6)** Nigel (black) committed the horrific blunder 1 . . . K-K4?? allowing 2.R-K2ch and 3.BxR. Karolyi, with half an hour to think, stared at the position for some time before playing 2.K-K3?? At this most of the room collapsed in laughter though neither player still realised what had happened. Black continued 2 . . . P-N5 and later won because of his well-placed king (!) I haven't seen John Nunn (Nigel's second) lately but I magine he may be rather grey-haired and short of fingernails.

Another entertaining effort:

White Åkesson (Sweden) **Black N. Short**

1.P-QB4, P-QN3; 2.P-Q4, P-K3; 3.P-K4, B-N2; 4.B-Q3, P-KB4!? 5.PxP!? BxP; 6.Q-R5ch, P-N3; 7.PxNP, B-KN2; 8.PxPch, K-B1; 9.B-N5, N-KB3; 10.Q-R4, N-B3; 11,N-K2, BxR; 12.N-Q2 (a suggestion of Browne, after his game against me from Tilburg '78), **P-K4; 13.N-N3? P-K5! 14.BxP, BxB; 15.N(3)xB, RxP! 16.Q-B4, NxP! 17.BxN, BxB; 18.NxB, Q-K2ch; 19.N(2)-K4, R-R5!** (The clever point of Black's play. The WQ has no good square and 20.QxR allows . . . N-B6ch.) **20.N-N4ch, Q-B2; 21.Q-N3, R-K1; 22.K-B1, QxQBPch; 23.K-N2, N-B4; 24.Q-R3ch, P-Q3. Resigns.**



Problem 200

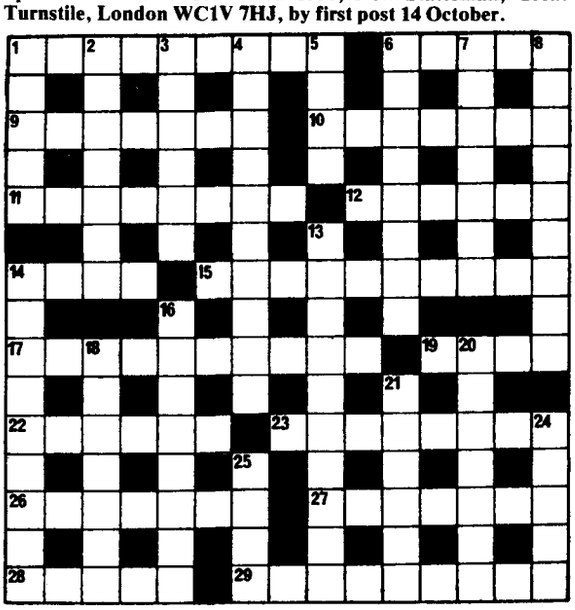
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked no later than 15 October.

Solution to problem 198

1.R-R3! Q-N3; 2.Q-B5! and there is no answer to the threats of R-B3ch and RxP.

Week-end Crossword 1358

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1358, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 14 October.



ACROSS

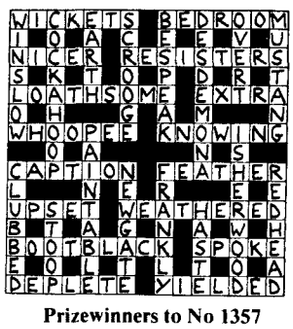
1 Wild cattle love an artist (9)
6 Teacher goes round the circle to make a demonstration (5)
9 Preserve a farewell in a piece of music (7)
10 Airfield which gives us short weight (10)
11 The intervals between speech are less nice in translation (8)
12 Francesca's place (6)
14 A hundred and something burnt! That is money! (4)
15 Dickens character who has to guide a vessel out into the open (10)
17 Dance with insect between sailor and girl (10)
19 Elects for new post (4)
22 Place in which to make man go landless (6)
23 The traitor is a vehicle with nothing in it (8)
26 Tool for bridge? (7)
27 Following an article I get married to produce life (7)
28 Places for spectacles by the sound of it (5)
29 Attention needed by mate wrecked in river (9)

DOWN

1 Early birds sound like the tiller's guardian (5)
2 State in which no more can be done (7)
3 Gets to know the humourist on the paper (6)
4 Play consisting of essays about a garment (10)
5 Nationalised electricity? (4)
6 Priests produce a page about petty quarrels (8)
7 The new route 51 is not a central one (7)
8 Broken windows could make things almost fall (9)
13 Settle area to be developed for property (4,6)
14 Weapons for girls disdainfully treated (9)
16 Hints for writers? (8)
18 Ruling given when annoyance arises over Scripture (7)
20 Confidential gossip about a woman turning up (7)
21 Being religious in the old days meant being a Catholic (6)
24 Entertainment in theatre attracts audiences (5)
25 Pace which is the reverse of wrong (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1357


WICKETS BEDROOM
I O A C E E V U
NICER RESISTERS
S K T O P D R T
LOATHSOME EXTRA
O H G A M N
WHOOPEE KNOWING
O A N S
CAPTION FEATHER
L N E R E E
UPSET WEATHERED
B T A G N A W H
BOOTBLACK SPOKE
E O L T L T O A
DEPLETE YIELDED

Prizewinners to No 1357

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- ☐ Good food
- ☐ Politics
- ☐ Classical music
- ☐ Art/Literature
- ☐ 'Live' theatre
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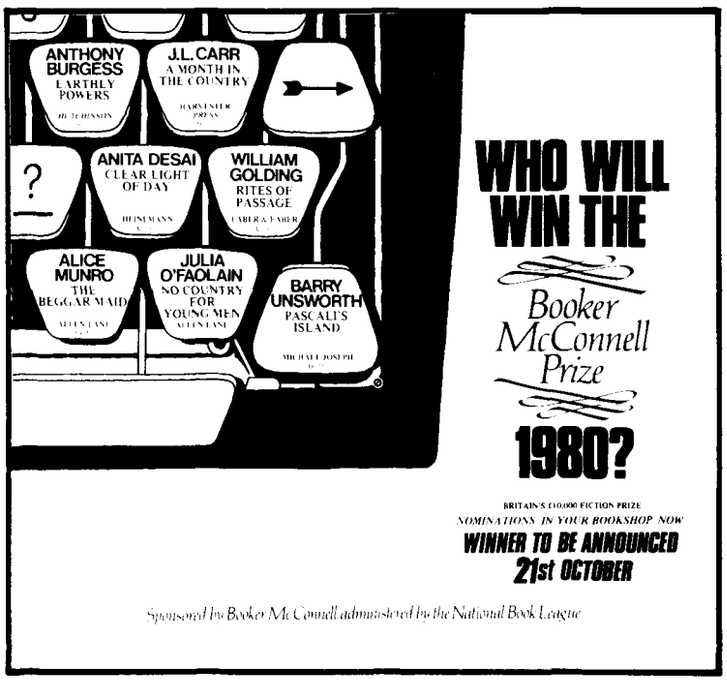

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Theatres

ALDWYCH THEATRE Royal Shakespeare Company 836 6404. Recorded booking info 836 5332. S. cc 379 6233 (10-6, Sats 10-4). Group Sales Box Office 379 6061. All Week 'Juno and The Paycock' by Sean O'Casey. RSC also at The Warehouse (836 6808) in premiere production 'No Limits to Love' by David Mercer. RSC also at The Piccadilly Theatre in Willy Russell's hilarious 'Educating Rita'.

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OLD VIC. 928 7616. cc 261 1821. 'S'. 3, 6, 7 Oct. 7.30 p.m. 4 Oct. 2 p.m. Peter O'Toole in 'Macbeth' directed by Bryan Forbes, 4, 8, 9, 10 Oct. 7.30 p.m. Timothy West & Maureen O'Brien in 'The Merchant of Venice'.

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SCREEN ON THE HILL. 435 3366 (opp. Belsize Park Tube). Fassbinder's 'The Marriage of Maria Braun' (AA). 2.10, 4.30, 6.50, 9.10. Ring 435 9787.

Poetry

MATCHLIGHT. British Poetry Today. Orangery, Holland Pk. 7.15 9 Oct. Robert Gittings/Norman Nicholson. Enquiries: 01-352 7409.

Literary

DONALD WOODS will be signing copies of his autobiography 'Asking For Trouble' (published by Gollancz) at Collet's International Bookshop, 129 Charing Cross Road, London WC2, from 12.30 p.m. on Thursday 9 October.

BOOK SIGNING
Mon. 6 Oct. 5 p.m.
REGINALD BOSANQUET
'Let's get through Wednesday'
(Michael Joseph £6.50)
at
Bernard Stone, Turret Bookshop, 43 Floral Street, Covent Garden, London WC2.
01-836 7557.

Meetings

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. 'Using Life Style in Counselling Stammerers', Mrs Elizabeth Smith, Speech Therapist. 7.30 p.m. (refreshments from 7.15 p.m.) Tuesday 7 October, Community Rooms, Millman Street (east side), WC1. Visitors welcome 50p (students 25p).

DR ROBERT WHISTRICH will address Labour Zionist Movement meeting, in Hampstead, 9 Oct. 8 p.m. on the topic of Reassessment of the Jabotinsky Legacy. Further details please tel. 01-586 4433 or 01-444 5807.

ICA EVENTS. The Mall, SW1. 4 Oct. 12.15-2.15 Claire Johnston, Anne Cottringer and Mandy Merck discuss 'The Women's Movement and Film; 3.00-5.00 Liz Forgan, Archie Tait and representatives of C.O.W. and Circles discuss 'The Packaging of Women's Films as Cultural Commodity; 5 Oct 2.00-4.00 Helen Baehr discusses with Sue Honeyford 'What Price Television'? — advantages and problems women have in working in television. Tickets £1.00 per day. 930 3647.

CLPD: NATIONAL WOMEN'S MEETING. Equal pay, equal opportunity, equal power, campaign for equality in the Labour Movement. Speakers: Anna Coote, and Carol Worthington Sat. 11 October 1980, 11 a.m.-4 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, London WC1. Details The Secretary, Lower flat, 10 Park Drive, London NW11. Tel. 01-458 1984.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE: Sunday lectures on religion and philosophy. Enquiries 06285 26464.

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities., Public Talk Sun. 5 Oct. 8 p.m. 'Theosophy Simply Stated'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

THE SOCIALIST RESPONSE to the threat of War. A Socialist Party of Great Britain meeting. Wed., 8 Oct. 8 p.m., Victoria Hall, Sheepcote Road, Harrow, Middx.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON: The John Coffin Memorial Literary Readings will be given by Mr John Barton (Associate Director, Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon) and entitled 'The Death of Arthur' (Selected readings from Malory's 'Morte D'Arthur') at the University of London, Senate House, Malet Street, London WC1 at 5.15 p.m. on Thursday, 9 October 1980. Admission Free, without ticket. Academic Registrar.

DULWICH LABOUR PARTY AND LABOUR MIDDLE EAST COUNCIL
MEETING ON PALESTINE
Monday 13th October, 8 p.m.
Dulwich Baths, Crystal Palace Road, London S.E.22
Buses: 37, 184, 185
Speakers on:
'Repression on the West Bank'
'Myths and Palestine'

NOEL BUXTON LECTURES 1980
organised by the Overseas Development Institute
EUROPE AND AFRICA
(Tuesdays 6-7.30 p.m.)

14 October The Legacy of Empire
Dr Richard Rathbone (School of Oriental and African Studies)
21 October The Lomé Conventions: Myth and substance of the 'partnership of equals' Adrian Hewitt (Overseas Development Institute)
28 October The Strategic Relationship
Colonel Jonathan Alford (International Institute for Strategic Studies)
4 November Present Day Alignments
Xan Smiley ('Africa Confidential')
11 November Is the International Mining Industry necessary to Africa?
Alastair Macleod-Smith CMG (Selection Trust Ltd)

There will be a discussion period after each lecture.

The lectures will be held in **THE ASSEMBLY HALL, SCHOOL OF ORIENTAL AND AFRICAN STUDIES, MALET STREET, LONDON WC1.**

HISTORY WORKSHOP 14
LANGUAGE AND HISTORY
Friday evening 14 November to Sunday evening 16 November 1980

This year's History Workshop is to be held at **Brighton Polytechnic, Grand Parade and Royal Pavilion Estate, Brighton.**
Plenary speakers: **Raymond Williams, Stuart Hall, Raphael Samuel, Gareth Stedman Jones.**
The Workshop contains three plenary sessions and then divides into five sub-plenary sections:
Learning and Language — Language of Socialism, Class and Ideology
Languages, Power, Resistance — Language and Historical Change
Experience and the Language of History.

Tickets £5 including papers, from:
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Cheques and postal orders payable to History Workshop 14, please.

PUBLIC MEETING
RACISM IN THE MEDIA

C.A.R.M. film; **It Aint Half Racist Mum!** and a panel of Journalists to answer your questions; **CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS, New Statesman; LINDSAY MACKIE, Guardian; PEREGRINE WORSTHORNE, Sunday Telegraph; TREVOR PHILLIPS, London Weekend TV; JULIET ALEXANDER, Radio London.**

Tuesday 14 October 6.30 p.m. Friends House, Euston Road
ALL WELCOME
Further details contact, **Camden Committee for Community Relations, 1 Robert Street, London NW1 3JU. Tel: 01-388 1942/3.**

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E6BT. *Lunch-Hour Lectures,* 1.20 to 2. 7 Oct. 'Pleasure, Happiness and Utilitarianism' by Professor Richard Wollheim; 9 Oct. 'The Story of the Twin Quasars' by Professor R. Wilson. Admission Free. Details of Public Lectures from Publications Office (send stamped envelope).

Schools

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Professor Ralph Miliband
11 lectures held each Thursday evening of term: £30.

THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF GEORGE ORWELL:
Professor Bernard Crick
11 lectures held each Monday evening of term: £30.

For details please write to:
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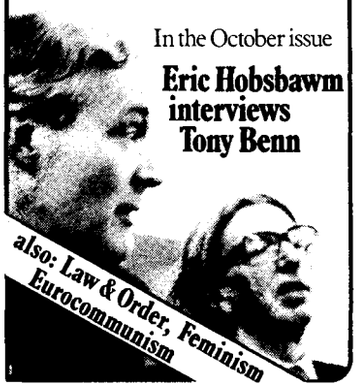

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Jeff Rooker MP
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